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An Editorial

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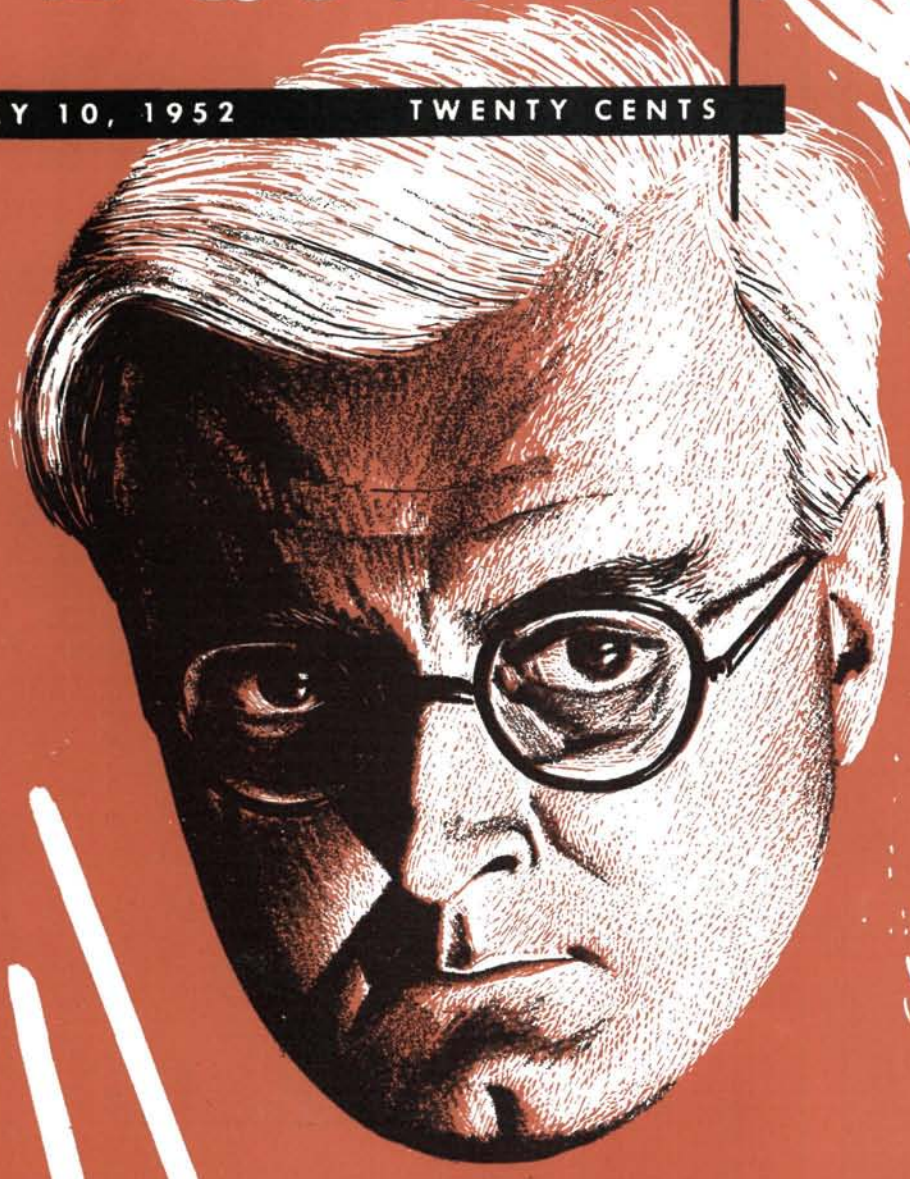

D. W. Brogan, author of "The Price of Revolution." (See page 12)

When Majors Wr... for Minors

By HENRY STEELE

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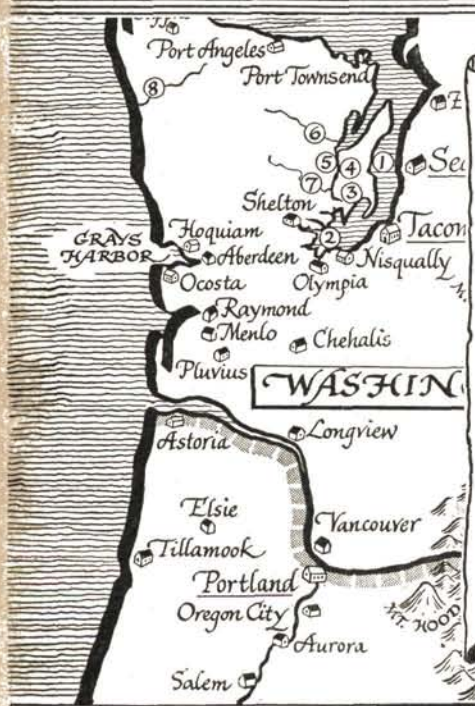

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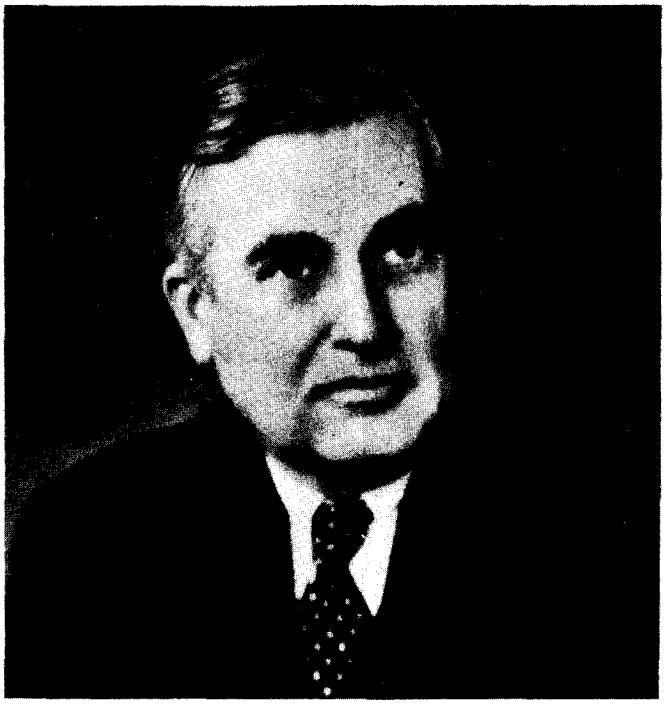

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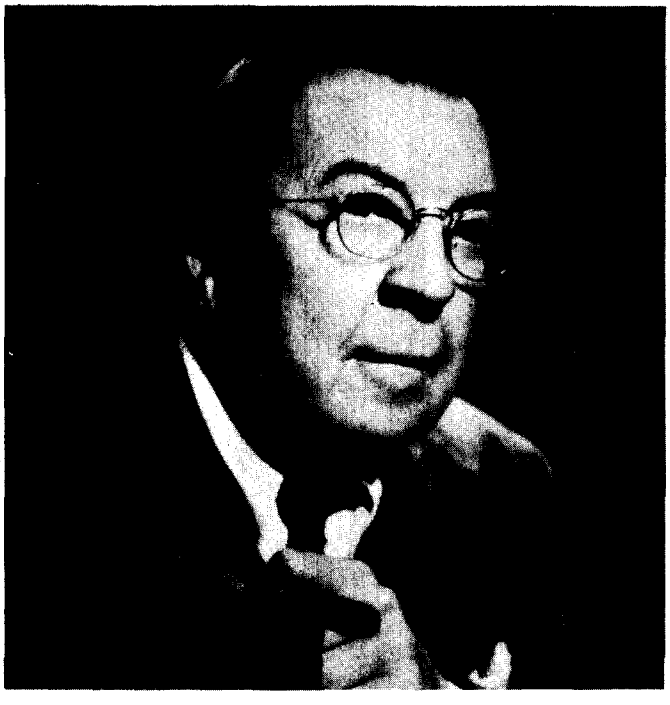

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The Saturday Review

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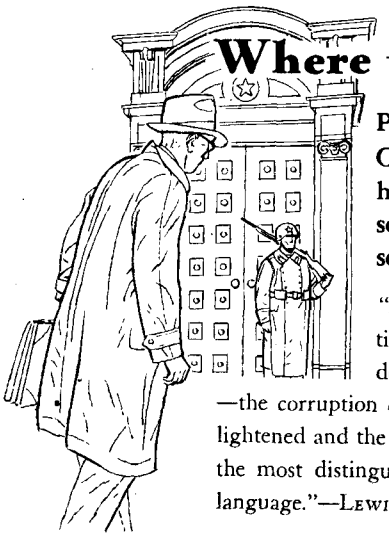
Good News

▸ A hitherto unrevealed friendly gesture toward the nationals of a South American country was made known recently by the Philadelphia Orchestra Association as spokesman for itself and the donors of more than $11,000 in musical instruments. The large variety of instruments — collected, packed, and shipped from New York without prior announcement—have been received in Santiago, Chile, according to a report the Philadelphia Orchestra has received from the donor, the Braden Copper Company, which makes it headquarters in New York City.

Orville H. Bullitt, President of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, said that the instruments have been turned over to the musicians in the Santiago Symphony Orchestra and the students in the music conservatory there. The gift came as a complete surprise to the Chileans. Sr. Domingo Santa Cruz, one of Chile's leading musicians, the leading figure in the Santiago orchestra and conservatory, initiated this project which has brought to his countrymen musical instruments either impossible to secure in South America or far too expensive for his organization's modest budget.

Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who enjoyed being "good musical boy scouts," undertook the task of combing the musical instrument markets along the Eastern seaboard on request from the Braden Company, and purchased brass, string, woodwind, and percussion instruments at the lowest price possible, using as a standard of quality the high criterion of the Philadelphia Orchestra itself. The shipment included three trombones, two clarinets, three flutes, two oboes, three tympani, four trumpets, and one each piccolo, tuba, bassoon, contra-bassoon, string bass, bass drum, and two scarce and expensive keyboard instruments: a celesta and a harpsichord.

▸ In Sharonville, Ohio, members of the local board of education have voted to contribute their salaries to a scholarship fund to send a local high school graduate to college. The five members of the board voted to give the thirty-six dollars each receives for attending twelve meetings a year to the fund. At the end of their term the fund would be $720, or enough to send a deserving pupil designated by the local school superintendent to college for one year. If that isn't enough, the five will give more to pay the difference.



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THE LITERARY SCENE

IN Washington, the architects who remodelled the White House proved themselves friends of the book industry. When the Truman family moved back for a limited tenacy they found four times the amount of shelving that had existed before they left. The Library of Congress hastily sent over a van-load of volumes to fill the gaps, but there's still room for hundreds more. Suggested acquisition: "A Hundred Ways to Save Money."

● ● In London, J. H. H. Gaute, of Harrap's, was understandably startled to receive a note reading: "I am compiling a book on food, and would be grateful for your permission to quote, with full acknowledgement of source, a paragraph descriptive of the method of cooking human flesh, from William Seabrook's 'Jungle Ways,' published by you."

● ● In Boston, the eagle-eyed comptroller of a publishing house, analyzing the swindle sheet of a veteran salesman, noted one hefty charge for a hired car from Natchez, Miss., to Shreveport, La. "The train wasn't good enough for you, I suppose," he rasped. "Correct me if I'm wrong," the salesman answered gently, "but I figured forty bucks was considerably less than the cost of constructing a railroad from Natchez to Shreveport —to say nothing of the company's time I'd have wasted waiting for the line to be built."

● ● In the Bronx, an excited young authoress brought home in triumph a signed contract covering publication of her first novel. She also brought a bottle of champagne for a family celebration. She had barely popped the cork when her mother ran to the telephone and called the doctor. "You should come quick," ordered mama. "Sadie's got us drinking shampoo."

● ● In Chicago, Joe Laurie, Jr., co-author with Abel Green of the fast-selling "Show Biz," was asked if he would deliver a talk to a group of local authors. "Sure, how much do they pay?" answered the practical-minded Joe. "It's for free," he was told. Joe reflected briefly, then quipped, "It's a considerable cut—but I'll take it."

● ● In the book department at Gimbel's, Joe Eckhouse, considered by many the handsomest executive in the department-store field, classified the Eiffel Tower as "The Empire State Building after Taxes."

● ● In a conclave of book manufacturers, a binder who was boasting about a modest upturn in his volume got a glimpse of cigarette production figures for 1951, and hastily gulped down an aspirin. Over four hundred *billion* cigarettes were made in the U.S. last year! The six biggest (figures are in billions) were: Camel: 111; Lucky Strike: 88; Chesterfield: 72; Philip Morris: 43; Pall Mall: 34; Old Gold: 22. Increasingly popular in literary circles, but still far behind the Big Six: Parliament. Me, I'll take my Wilke Pipe and a bowl of Whitehall Mixture!

● ● In Mike Gross's Poster Palladium, Mike recalled a time he sat at a little press all night supervising the production of a display card for Lilly Daché's "Talking Through My Hats." "Starting with a needle," read the copy, "a spool of thread and an idea, Miss Daché built up one of the largest hat houses in America." "One tiny typographical error," shuddered Mike, "and I'd have been run out of town."

● ● In the Players' Club, the death mask of Richard Sheridan invariably intrigues visiting celebrities. A hard-to-impress author once grumbled to Oliver Herford, "Hmphh! He looks mighty dour for a celebrated humorist." Herford patiently pointed out, "You must remember he was not at his best when this mask was made."

● ● In London, a celebrated law case (*Fraser vs. Berkeley*, 1836) involved a publisher and an author who, believe it or not, failed to see eye to eye. The presiding judge, who sounds as though he had a rejected manuscript of his own in his desk, decided as follows: "If an author is to go and give a beating to a publisher who has

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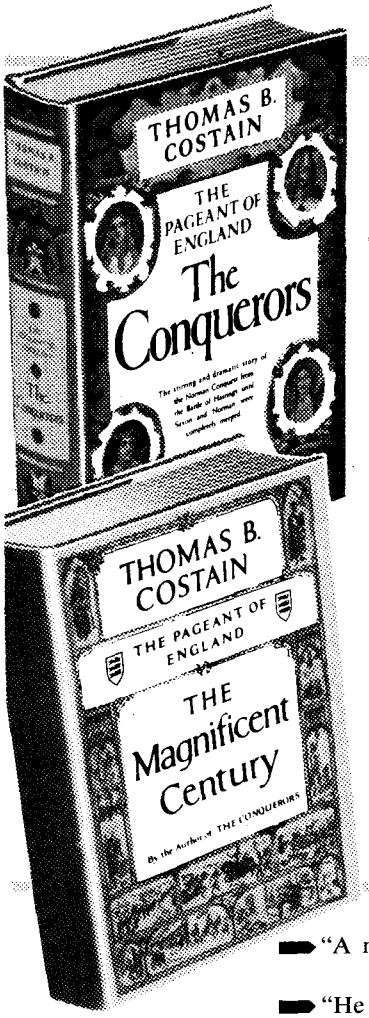

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offended him, two or three blows with a horsewhip ought to be enough to satisfy his irritated feelings." Modern-day publishers get one break at least. How many 1952-model authors have even *seen* a horsewhip?

● ● In Paris, writes H. L. Parker, the wife of a successful writer of psychological tomes was expecting her first offspring at any moment, and was understandably nervous. "What you need," prescribed her husband, "is a little diversion. Tonight we're going to the Folies Bergères." "I should say not," rebelled the wife. "Think of the prenatal influence. Our child might be born stark naked!"

● ● In every city and hamlet in the North and South, exactly one hundred years ago, literary circles were discussing the merits and political repercussions of a brand-new publication called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Other new books in 1852: Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"; Roget's "Thesaurus"; Dickens's "Bleak House"; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford"; Melville's "Pierre"; Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance."

● ● In Chappaqua, a publisher's wife boasted that her husband had given up smoking for a year. "That must have taken plenty of self-control," said a neighbor admiringly. "Exactly," agreed the publisher's wife, "and that's just what I've got."

● ● In Manhattan, John Beecroft tabbed a new novel by Jan de Hartog called "The Distant Shore" as a reserve selection of the Literary Guild. De Hartog is the author of the current stage hit, "The Fourposter." Born in Haarlem—the Holland one—he made the perfect beginning for a literary career by taking a job as brass polisher with the Amsterdam Harbor Police. Today he enjoys life aboard a houseboat moored in the Seine, near Paris, and rarely bothers opening mail or even collecting his substantial royalty checks. "The Distant Shore" is about a tugboat captain who rescues torpedoed ships in the Atlantic during World War II and goes into deep-sea diving thereafter. It will be published by Harper's.

● ●In Providence, a dog-lover invaded Elsie Clough's Book Shop and demanded a copy of "The Canine Mu-

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tiny." Field's, Chicago, had a request for Emily Kimbrough's "Through Charley's Aunt." And Blanche Campbell, in Westwood, is chuckling over an order she received from a draftee's bride for "Sex Perfection and Marital Happiness."

● ● In a footnote to his "Epitaph for a Spy" (Knopf), Eric Ambler graciously lists some spy stories by other authors that he rates "tops": "The Riddle of the Sands," by Erskine Childers; "The Secret Agent," by Joseph Conrad; "The Thirty-nine Steps," by John Buchan; "Ashenden," by Somerset Maugham; and "Bretherton," by W. F. Morris.

● ● In Beverly Hills, Writer Cy Howard acquired a set of handsome bronze book ends. Sidney Skolsky came upon a television star fondling one of them and inquired, "Are you interested in book ends?" "Indeed I am," she purred. "They're the part I always read first."

● ● In Paris, Frank Yerby was named "France's second most popular author." Yerby's modest comment was: "The reputation of the French for sophistication must be highly overrated." Yerby's latest novel, "The Saracen Blade," has not been published abroad, but in America it is cutting its expected swath.

● ● In Chicago, humorist Max Schulman told Patricia McAllister, "I'm recovering slowly from the little old lady who marched up to me at an autographing party, my new book in her hand, and snapped, "I'm still buying everything you write, but you've certainly slipped since 'What Makes Sammy Run'!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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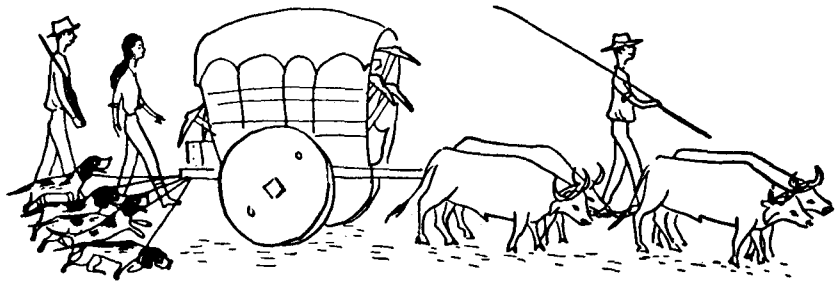

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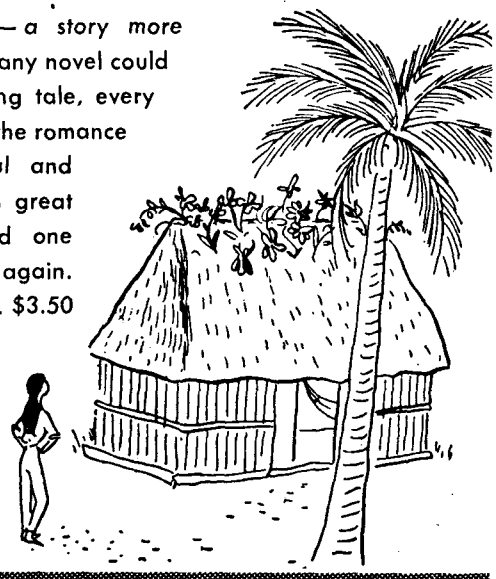

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When Majors Wrote for Minors

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

H. S. Commager

AT a time when William Dean Howells was the acknowledged dean of American letters, his friend and colleague of *Atlantic Monthly* days, Horace Scudder, could justly claim to be the dean of children's letters, if there was such an office. He had edited the *Riverside Magazine for Young People*; he had written a long list of children's books, among them the famous Bodley series and even fairy stories; he had introduced Hans Christian Andersen to America—that alone was enough to insure him immortality. Toward the close of his life he put together some of his reflections and conclusions on a subject that he knew more about than almost anyone else: childhood in literature. Other literatures, he pointed out, gave proper attention to children, but not, alas, American. Except for Hawthorne no major American writer had concerned himself with children. This was in 1894; Mark Twain had lived in vain, and Louisa May Alcott.

Curiously enough, Scudder had high praise for English literature, but mostly for the wrong things in it. He had a great deal to say about childhood in Shakespeare and something about it in Wordsworth and De Quincey and Blake, and even Dickens, but nothing to say of those who wrote directly to and for children or wrote about them. Somehow the learned Scudder managed to miss the point: that English and American literatures are throughout concerned with children, that almost every major writer of the nineteenth century wrote for children as well as for adults, and that for over a century the line between juvenile and adult literature was all but invisible.

This is a quality not to be found elsewhere except in Swiss and Scandinavian literature, and even there

not to a comparable degree, this constant awareness of the claims of the young, this pervasive interest in and tenderness for them. It was not always deliberate, to be sure; that makes it all the more significant. It is as if English and American writers never quite decided whether they were writing for the young or for the old, and saw no reason to make a sharp distinction.

Many of the greatest classics were written, assuredly, without children in mind, and were taken over by children who cheerfully disregarded what they could not understand and cherished what they could. Thus Defoe, old and cantankerous, did not mean to write for children, but they adopted Robinson Crusoe and own him still; soon Crusoe spread all over the globe; he was celebrated in every language; he suffered one metamorphosis after another, most famously in "Swiss Family Robinson," but in dozens of others as well. After two hundred years he is read avidly by children in Montana and Tasmania and Norway, and very little by their parents. Nor did the harsh and embittered Jonathan Swift mean to write for the young, but he could not help himself either, it seems. The children took over Gulliver and went with him on his travels, they made him into a fairy-story character.

SO with most of the classics of English letters. Surely, Thackeray did not think that "Henry Esmond" was being drawn chiefly for the edification of adolescents; it was, he thought, "a book of cut-throat melancholy." Yet generation after generation of boys and girls in England and America have admired Esmond for his gallant exploits. And so, too, with Becky Sharp, admired for her exploits rather than her gallantry, perhaps, but admired none the less. And Scott, for whom was he writing, this greatheart of the North? Who read "Ivanhoe" and "Rob Roy" and "Quentin Durward," year after year (now no longer), who but boys and girls? And who reads the books of the Brontë sisters, "Wuthering Heights" above all, and "Jane Eyre," or for that matter, the incomparable Jane Austen? Or we can turn to the greatest of them all, Dickens, who did not consciously write for children, but who has become next to Hans Andersen and Mark Twain and Louisa Alcott the most dearly beloved of all children's authors. It is the children who best know Pip, who weep over Little Nell, who rejoice at David's good fortune when he finds a refuge with Betsy

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Henry Steele Commager, Professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of "The American Mind" and of several books for children, including "America's Robert E. Lee" and "The Chestnut Stories," and is editor of "The Saint Nicholas Anthology."

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Trotwood, who delight in Samuel Pickwick and his man Weller.

Already with the Victorians there was a change, or the shadow of a change. Trollope, perhaps the most completely Victorian of them all, ignored children, and the children have reciprocated by ignoring him. Nor will they read the giants of the late Victorian era, Meredith or Hardy or Henry James. Yet the tradition of writing for the young as well as for the old was still strong. It flourished with Stevenson, in "A Child's Garden of Verses," in "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" and most of the others. It was maintained by Kipling, the Kipling of the "Jungle Books" and "Kim," of "Stalky" and "Captains Courageous", and by the wonderful Conan Doyle—the Conan Doyle of "The White Company" as well as of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." It assures immortality to De Morgan's "Joseph Vance" and "Alice for Short," novels that are suffering only a temporary eclipse. The pleasant tradition persisted into the Georgian era as well, not with Galsworthy, perhaps, but with the Wells of "Mr. Polly" and "Kipps," the Bennett of "Clayhanger" and "Denry the Audacious," with Conrad above all, that prince of story tellers who had something for every age and every philosophy. It continued well into the new century, with John Buchan, who was the successor to Scott and Stevenson, with the neglected Quiller-Couch, with Hugh Walpole. Then after World War I it came to an abrupt end; what normal child can read James Joyce or Virginia Woolf or D. H. Lawrence or Aldous Huxley, and what adult would want him to?

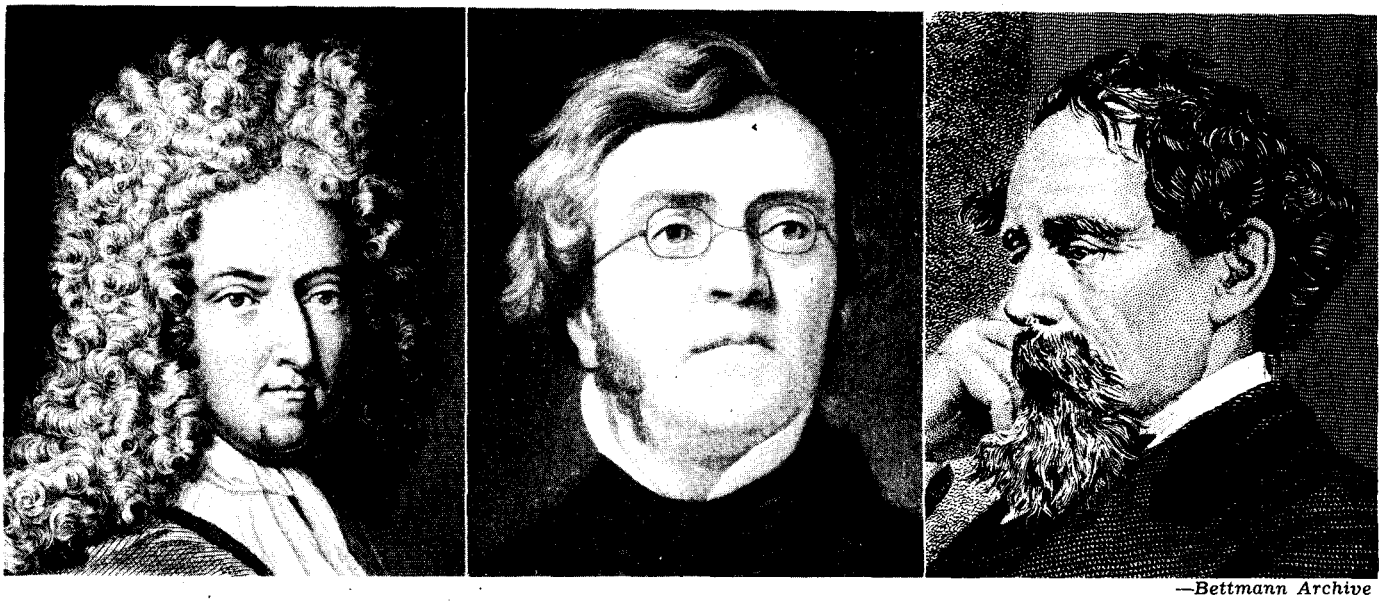
What an astonishing record it is, a record without parallel in any other major literature, except the American. Certainly there is nothing to compare with it in the classical literature that excited the enthusiasm of the Greek-laden Scudder, or in the literatures of France or Italy or Spain or, for that matter, of Germany or Russia.

But in America the tradition persisted and flourished as in England. Call the roll of the American novelists and story writers from Cooper and Simms to the twentieth century: almost all of them, you will find, wrote for children or wrote books that children have taken over. Cooper did, and until our own time boys and girls rejoiced in the exploits of Leatherstocking and of Chingachook. Poe did, though not deliberately, and for a century children have worked out the puzzles and ciphers of his stories of detection, or recited "The Raven" and "The Bells." Simms did, poor Simms who lies all but forgotten in his Charleston grave, and whose novels of Indian and Partisan warfare are forgotten with him. And as for Hawthorne, well he was Scudder's prize exhibit. He had started with "Grandfather's Chair," the kind of recreating of history that we might do well to encourage now, and then, convinced that he had a special talent for this kind of writing, had gone on to the retelling of classical myths. "The Wonder Book," which "purged out all the old heathen wickedness," and the "Tanglewood Tales," in which classical myths were "purified from all moral stains." They were fully equal to Mother Goose, so Hawthorne thought, and he added that he had never done anything else quite as well. It was an exaggeration, but one that generations of children were to bear with cheerfully.

Almost all the major writers of the mid-nineteenth century, and the minor too, thought it proper to serve the needs of children, or wrote books that children took on as their own. Most of the poets of the Golden Age belong to both categories—Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes—those poets whose benign countenances stared out at us in the amiable game of authors with its neat little list of works: if you had "Lowell" you asked for "The Vision of Sir Launfal" or the "Bigelow Papers," and at least connected the two. A bit later it was the gentle Sidney Lanier who somehow found the energy to prepare "A Boy's King Arthur" and "A Boy's Froissart," and even "The Boy's Percy," it was Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Riley, whose best poems are all for children or about them. We may take all this for granted now, because we are so familiar with it, but try to think of comparable poets of our own day who are read by children? Sandburg would qualify, of course, the lion-hearted Sandburg, who is still with us, and Stephen Benét, who is not. But who else? T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound or e.e. cummings or Robert Lowell or Karl Shapiro?

Neither of the two mid-century writers who have come to be most highly regarded, Thoreau and Melville, wrote consciously for children, but "Walden" is discovered anew by every youngster, and "Moby-Dick" has made its way into the high schools, where it is read much as "Gulliver's Travels" was once read. Emerson was assuredly a philosopher, and addressed himself to the high minded and the mature, but what boys or girls have failed to read him by the time they

(*Continued on page* 44)



—*Bettmann Archive*

Defoe, Thackeray, Dickens—"We take all this for granted."

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The World. *Are revolutions a good thing? Thomas Jefferson thought they were and should be staged periodically. Most present-day legatees of the Jeffersonian tradition would not be so certain about that: it would be fine if the people of Russia and her satellites would revolt against Communist totalitarian rule; but a revolt against a democratic government, well —. The question of revolutions is interestingly if garrulously discussed by one of the shrewdest living publicists, D. W. Brogan, in "The Price of Revolution" (below). Why has Communism attracted so many high-minded and intelligent people? Sidney Lens attempts to answer that question in "The Counterfeit Revolution" (page 16). And how, if at all, does the Communism of a Russian-dominated land like Hungary differ from that of a backslider like Yugoslavia? The reviews of Vogeler's "I Was Stalin's Prisoner" (page 14) and Ulam's "Tito and the Cominform" (page 15) provide a partial answer.*

Society's Tireless Demon

THE PRICE OF REVOLUTION. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Harper & Bros. 280 pp. $3.50.

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

REVOLUTION has for long been considered an accredited method of political progress. The violent overthrow of a despotic government, native or foreign, by a popular uprising has been universally acclaimed as a new birth of freedom. And no price was considered too high to pay for such a boon. Nearly every government, now in existence, can trace its original title to revolution, more or less remote. So popular was the concept of revolution that it has been applied to great movements in the peaceful fields of science, industry, and thought. Historians have treated these movements as the Scientific Revolution, the Industrial Revolution, and the Intellectual Revolution.

As we now live in an age of revolution, a study having the provocative title of the book under review is sure to arouse interest. The author, a distinguished historian and political scientist, is "concerned with the problem of revolution, with the use of political violence to deal with economic and social problems." It is important to note that by "revolution" he means *social* revolution as exemplified by the French and Russian upheavals, both of which sought to recast the existing order with the aim of creating a new and better world by the method of swift revolutionary action. Mr. Brogan makes the wholly laudable suggestion that, "in making an estimate of the benefits to be gained from changes in social and economic conditions, the cost of the methods should be brought into the bookkeeping." The general thesis of the book is that the price paid for the method of social revolution is too high; the benefits derived from it, doubtful and uncertain; and the evils resulting from it, many and calamitous: wholesale confiscations, civil strife, terrorism, dictatorship, and international war. The problem posed by Mr. Brogan is one of vital interest, and his thesis is a wholly sound and revelant one.

How does he analyze the problem? How does he develop his thesis? Here disappointment awaits the expectant reader. The book contains no coherent study of the anatomy of social revolution, no clear analysis of the situation that precipitates it, and no historic background to explain its swift and violent changes. The author comes to his conclusions all too soon in the first few chapters.

Most of the book is devoted to a discussion of the issues of the day. Mr. Brogan takes up topics such as nationalism, imperialism, religion, and, of course, Communism. His point of view is that of a liberal tempered by caution. Though no imperialist, he flouts the popular idea that the colonies were just exploited by their European masters. India, "the most important imperial experiment in modern history," greatly benefited, according to Mr. Brogan, from British rule. Through sheer necessity the British brought to India modern industry, education, and administration. On the subject of religion the author has much to say concerning the alienation of the workers from the church, the confused views of liberal clergymen regarding Communism, and conflicts between Catholics and Protestants. He effectively ridicules the notion, as widespread as it is false, that the Vatican is a totalitarian dictatorship like the Kremlin. On the subject of Soviet Russia Mr. Brogan has many wise things to say. As the Communist dictatorship is in no immediate danger of being overthrown, it would be the part of wisdom for the Western nations to make every effort to get along with Soviet Russia. He is, however, doubtful whether such a policy would succeed, as Communism "cannot settle *permanently* for anything but the whole world."

Outside of his own country Mr. Brogan is most interested in France

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Rioters in Russia, 1918—"We live in an age of revolution."

J. Salwyn Schapiro, professor emeritus at the City College of New York, has written "The World in Crisis," "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism," and other books.

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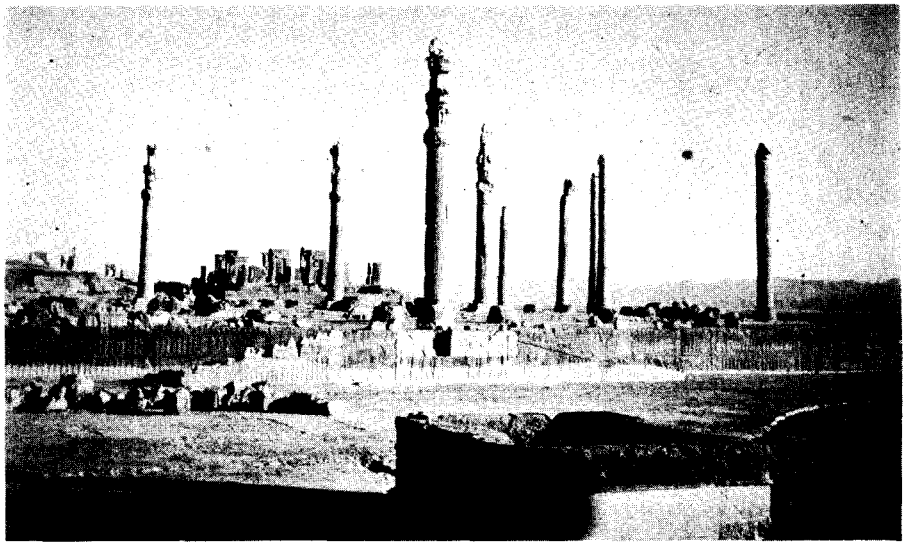
and America. He is the author of excellent books on both countries. In the present volume there are many references to the revolutionary history of France, all of them keenly pertinent and enlightening. To America he devotes a special chapter, which abounds in expressions of admiration and friendship for this country. He is ever ready to break a lance in defense of America against its European detractors. For the European stereotype of the American as a lyncher, grafter, and gangster. Mr. Brogan blames the novels written by Americans depicting the sordid aspects of their native land. Now and then, however, he makes questionable statements regarding American conditions, like the following. The urban workers were alienated from religion because in the cities "the role of the churches in support of the existing social order seemed as obvious, especially in the South, as it was in Spain." After World War I it was a "firm article of conviction among Americans, especially among the young, that American intervention in the war in 1917 had been above all motivated by a desire to save the investments of J. P. Morgan & Co. and the armaments dealers in an allied victory." Lynching has been a "highly popular" amusement in America, as at one time had been the *auto-da-fé* in Spain. Americans were inclined to condone the brutal suppressions in Soviet Russia, believing it to be a frontier country. "Were the kulaks any worse treated than the Indians or the Okies of 'The Grapes of Wratch'?" Even more questionable, in the opinion of the present reviewer, is Mr. Brogan's judgment of the American Revolution. It was the "doctrinally uncompromising" American Revolution, asserts the author, that first prescribed the "violent medicine" of revolution "for the ills of the state," and from which later came the habit of "seeing political problems in terms of a violent and more or less complete change to be welcomed or feared." His linking of the American with the French Revolution gives a wrong impression of the former. Both movements were universal in outlook and egalitarian in spirit, but the American revolutionists soon limited their efforts to the national scene and confined their radicalism to political reform. The French revolutionists did just the opposite.

Mr. Brogan gives his views freely and these show him to be widely read, liberal-minded, moderate, and circumspect. To read the book is like listening to a well-informed, witty, somewhat garrulous man discussing current events in a highly entertaining manner.



—*From "Journey to Persia."*

Persepolis—Columns and Palace of Xerxes.

Land of the Great King

JOURNEY TO PERSIA. By Robert Payne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.75.

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

THIS IS A romantic book about Iran, written beautifully—almost as beautifully as the Iranian language is spoken. To one who has been there and knows its villages, cities, bazaars, and mosques, it stirs exciting memories. The blue of the sky of Iran is a blue that no other part of the world knows. It is so blue that it makes infinity seem within reach. And the Persian architects and artists have with exquisite delicacy carried the same feeling into the detail and design of the domes of many of the mosques.

I remember my first visit to the Mosque of the Shah in Isfahan. This is the mosque that has the dome of such rare acoustical design that when one stands directly under it and taps a pencil on his fingernail, the echo is instant and clear. This dome also has a blue that produces a rare spiritual effect. The author says, "It is so strange, so rich a blue that in the same moment it seems to have the color of blue flames and of blue ice." Under this dome one in repose is carried to far away places. There one can find solitude as deep as any mountain retreat can offer.

The book is descriptive of the important historic places in Iran where art still flourishes or where history has written enduring chapters. The Mosque of the Shah, the Mosque of Sheikh Lutfullah, the Teheran Museum, the Garden of Paradise in Shiraz, the tombs of Hafiz and of Sa'adi, the Hadji Bazaar at Shiraz, Persepolis, the famous Maidan of Isfahan, the Palace of Forty Columns of Isfahan, the Golden Dome of Meshed, the Peacock Throne—these are the main places and sights which the author visits and describes. The description is vivid; the prose is close to poetry; the man who writes has an intuition and a perception that let him see below the surface and beyond the obvious so as to catch a vision of the spirit and ambitions of those who built here.

The book also contains conversations with some of the natives, accounts of journeys inside Iran (mostly by air), a description of a beautiful dance, and a word picture of the exquisite Persian miniatures.

The single sight on which the author spends most of his time is Persepolis—the historic spot under the Mountain of Mercy where Darius built the ancient capital. There is splendor in Persepolis today, though it holds only the ruins which Alexander the Great left behind. Persepolis now sits deep and secluded, looking across hot, barren, blistered plains. Once it was a garden from which the power that ruled the world went forth. Today it still has dignity and character. Persepolis changes in mood from sunrise to midday to sunset to moonlight. One who sits in contemplation under its

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Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, who has traveled widely in the East, is the author of "Strange Lands and Friendly People."

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great columns can feel the tides of history rush past. The material civilization that Persia knew, centuries before Christ, has crumbled; but some of its splendor still shines. It is seen in the stately columns at Persepolis, the maturity of the faces carved in rock, the humility of Darius before his God. Darius did not come to power boastful and arrogant; he wrote in stone at Persepolis, "By grace of Ahuramazda may what has been accomplished by me appear supremely beautiful."

It is the splendor of a people that measures their greatness. The poets who write the saga of a nation and who tell of the dreams, the ideals, and the struggles of its people are one of the sources of that splendor. One who wants to know the staying qualities of a people—even on such a mundane issue as a foreign oil concession—must know their spirit. In Persia that means knowing the poets, especially Firdausi, Sa'adi, Hafiz; it means knowing the strength of Sufism; it means an understanding of the power of the Persian character that has brought a great people through centuries of foreign rule and foreign exploitation.

We of the West are inclined to go pell-mell and miss many of the important signposts of modern life. If we had known the Chinese poets and the literature of agrarian China, we would not have been so surprised at the power of Mao Tse-tung. If we only knew the Bhagavad-Gita and had deeper insight into the mysticism of the Hindus, we would know and understand Nehru better. If we had an understanding of the spirit of Persia such as is presented in this volume, we would not have been surprised at the overwhelming political victory of Mossadegh in the recent elections in Persia.

Persia is the land where illiterate porters chant Firdausi as they carry baggage to and from bazaars. Persia is the land where a bricklayer starts reciting the Shah Namah (the Epic of Kings) when he lays the first brick and continues until the house is finished. Persia is a land where the ancient splendor still shows in the musical tongue of the people and in their gracious hospitality. Persia is the land of delicate art, exquisite tastes, refined manners.

Robert Payne—"a perception."

This book is mostly about the sights, only a little about the people and their problems. The author meets my friends the Ghashghais, but does not recognize them for the force they are; he crosses the Elburz Mountains, but does not know them, for he does not stop to chase wolves in them, nor climb their peaks, nor sleep in their basins; he travels the length of Persia, but he does not get to know the misery of the village life and the curse which absentee landlordism has placed on parts of the country. Yet Mr. Payne has a sensitive ear and has picked up from the hotels and restaurants of Persia the warnings of the social revolution that is on its way. He senses that feudalism is doomed in Persia and that it will be abolished, that the abolition will come not from Russia, not from the West, but from within Persia itself. Out of Persia may come not only leaders sufficient for that cause but leaders sufficient to give leadership to the world.

The practice of the Communists is to use the state to reduce men to puppets. Against that the author places "the sense of the perfect worth of every individual and all the potentialities of his creativeness." The latter is a Persian spiritual value, as well as an American one. We can use it—we and the Persians and most of the other people of the earth—to open an era of *creation* rather than to launch a program of *destruction*. We can do it if we have faith and belief in ourselves. We can do it if we have all of the patience that went into the making of one Persian tile.

This is the main theme that runs delicately through the fabric of the book. It is an important message for this age. It is the message that one brings back who knows the soul of Persia. The author came to know that soul largely through its art. He can be forgiven then for not knowing the Ghashghais, the goatherds, the porters, the Elburz, the Kurds, and the tough fiber of the Azerbaijanis. He can also be forgiven for overlooking what to me was perhaps the most exquisite sight in Persia—a small window in a side room at the Palace of Forty Columns, a window so softly blue it cast a spell and followed me in memory around the earth.

Story of a Shock

I WAS STALIN'S PRISONER. By Robert A. Vogeler with Leigh White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 314 pp. $3.75.

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IT is one of the ironies in Robert Vogeler's experience that in 1942 a fellow traveler on his staff in a Chicago factory denounced him to the FBI for making "anti-Russian" statements. Soviet inspectors in the factory, which turned out Lend-Lease telephones, constantly accused him of making "inferior" sets and he had once exploded: "They're making fools of us." Eight years later at a Budapest *auto-da-fé* Mr. Vogeler would be forced to "confess" that, among other crimes, he had joined the FBI in 1942 and headed "a network of fifty agents and provocateurs" in the Chicago factory.

What a tale of horror this man has to tell! His book is an American "Darkness at Noon," starker than a psychological shocker because it is truth and not fiction. Readers are by now familiar with the torture techniques which the Russians use to force "confessions" from innocent victims. "I Was Stalin's Prisoner" is, to the reviewer's knowledge, the first personal history in which an American citizen describes his reaction to those techniques. Thanks mainly to the efforts of his wife, his friends, and certain newspapers and organizations, Mr. Vogeler was released after serving seventeen months out of a sentence of fifteen years. The price: his friend "Karpe was dead, William Oatis was in prison, and the United States had been ignominiously forced to rescind its ban on private travel to Hungary, reopen Hungary's consulates in Cleveland and New York, restore Hungary's property in the American zone of Germany, and terminate the Voice of America's broadcasts from Germany to Hungary."

At the time of his arrest in November 1949, Mr. Vogeler was endeavoring, as Budapest representative of the International Standard Electric Corporation, to negotiate an agreement with the Hungarian government. Hungary, then in the final stage of sovietization, was about to confiscate the last of the foreign enterprises in its territory. As a loyal executive Mr. Vogeler wanted to save his firm, which was then the only American concern behind the Iron Curtain. After the

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Henry C. Wolfe is the author of "The Imperial Soviets," one of several books on foreign relations.

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failure of the negotiations, in the course of which his business colleagues were imprisoned, Mr. Vogeler prepared to leave the country legally. At the border he was arrested by the Hungarian branch of the Soviet political police. He hoped to be charged only with sabotaging the planned economy, which would serve as excuse for expropriation of ISEC.

Only about a third of the material in this book has been published in magazine form. Mr. Vogeler's story of the Grand Guignol in which he was cast as villain is nightmarish, the more so because of his remarkable restraint. His very temperateness, in fact, makes it an unsensational sensation. Not that he was given the "water cure" or bastinadoed like Alex, the cellmate whose job it was to get Mr. Vogeler to confess. Alex, of peasant origin, was "uncultured." In the case of "cultured" prisoners, such psychological tortures were applied as would excite the imagination, break the spirit, and induce distraction and despair. Needless to say, the "cultured" American was held incommunicado, receiving neither news nor letters.

One of Mr. Vogeler's interrogators was the state prosecutor who had fabricated the case against Cardinal Mindszenty. Another inquisitor boasted: "If Mindszenty told me what I wanted him to tell me, so will you. . . . Even if Jesus Christ were sitting in your chair, He'd tell me everything I wanted Him to." During the three-day rehearsal of his mock trial, Mr. Vogeler discovered that the magistrates had to drug themselves with actedron in order to keep awake during the gruelling courtroom marathons. The Hungarian government refused to let their prisoner accept the proffered legal services of the famous American attorney, Morris L. Ernst, and cynically assigned a native stooge as "defense" lawyer.

It is the author's belief that Associated Press correspondent William Oatis is being held as his replacement in Stalin's campaign to destroy the last remnants of American prestige in the Russian-dominated area. Forcing the United States to ransom four captured American flyers was another move in the campaign. Mr. Vogeler recommends some specific measures—three, to be exact—for deterring Soviet affronts to our national honor. He speaks of the State Department without raising his voice, but you may have to watch your blood pressure just the same. He makes it all too clear that "I Was Stalin's Prisoner" constitutes a humiliating footnote to the history of our foreign policy.

Patriot, Rebel & Theorist

TITOISM AND THE COMINFORM. By Adam B. Ulam. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 243 *pp.* $4.

By Leigh White

THIS is the fifth of a series of volumes published by the Russian Research Center of Harvard University with funds provided by the Carnegie Corporation. The author, an assistant professor of government at Harvard, expresses the hope, which has certainly been fulfilled, that his book will "make a modest contribution toward the understanding of Communism in power." That it does little more than that is the fault, in my opinion, of his "scholarly" approach to a subject that simply does not lend itself to "scholarly" research. Mr. Ulam has spent three years studying the source materials on which his analysis of Titoism is exclusively based. He would have saved time and written a more valuable book, I think, if he had studied fewer source materials and spent a little time in Yugoslavia and, if possible, Poland and Russia—the three countries with which his book is principally concerned.

"It is often assumed," he writes, "that the 'real' story of Communist politics can never be learned or studied in the West, that the politics of an authoritarian regime provides suitable material for sensational exposes or queries, but never for a factual study." Never is a long time and, as one who shares the assumption that Mr. Ulam seeks to refute, I would prefer to use "seldom" in place of "never." The fact remains, however, that his book will convince few readers that the assumption is wrong. For my part, I believe more strongly than ever, after reading Mr. Ulam's academic study, that the Russian Research Center and similar institutions will justify their existence only when their directors realize, as they have failed to realize to date, that Communism is a phenomenon that must of necessity be studied directly in the field.

This is not to say that Mr. Ulam's contribution is superfluous. In so far as Titoism can be understood from afar by a dispassionate political scientist who has never experienced life under a Communist tyranny, Mr. Ulam contributes to its understanding. But his contribution is unfortunately limited to what little knowledge can be gleaned from a judicious study of propagandistic source materials in which a very large percentage of fiction is inextricably interwoven with a very small percentage of fact.

Mr. Ulam, who writes warily and well, has done as good a job as could be expected within the limits of a "scholarly" tradition that prefers to study Titoism on the basis of what Titoists and Stalinists have said rather than on the basis of what they have actually done to the people who are victims of their ideological squabble. His errors, which are relatively few, are those so often made by persons who have never had their noses rubbed in the hideous reality of Communism in power.

A few months in Yugoslavia would have helped Mr. Ulam to understand why Tito's party still insists on merging its destiny with that of the so-called National Front. He would not have been allowed to visit Russia, in all probability, but any non-Communist veteran of Moscow could have told

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Leigh White, a former Moscow correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, *traveled in Yugoslavia and the other Balkan countries before, during, and after World War II. He is the author of "The Long Balkan Night" and "Balkan Caesar: Tito Versus Stalin."*

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—United Press Photo.

Marshal Tito—"a new dictator."

him why Stalin, immediately the war was over, insisted on reducing the size of his own party from 7,000,000 to 2,000,000 members. Mr. Ulam to the contrary, there is nothing at all mysterious about Tito's refusal to follow Stalin's example. Stalin, an old dictator, was afraid of the neo-Communists whom he had been forced to admit into his party during the war; Tito, a new dictator, was utterly dependent upon his neo-Communists, and could not have survived his quarrel with Stalin if he had purged them as the *Vozhd* desired. It was nationalism and not ideology that saved Tito in 1948-51 just is it was nationalism and not ideology that saved Stalin in 1942-45. The secretive and conspiratorial nature of the Titoists, which so puzzles Mr. Ulam, is no different and, if anything, less pronounced, than the secretive and conspiratorial nature of the Stalinists. It is in the nature of a conspiracy to act like one, and Tito's conspiracy though different from Stalin's, is no exception.

But such insight, I fear, is not to be gained from any amount of "scholarly" research from a distance. It can come only from experience, which is to say from practical research in the field. I am still all in favor of scholarly studies of Communism, but it is somewhat less than scholarly, I think, for the members of the Russian Research Center at Harvard to confine their studies to the biased, fragmentary, and often contradictory source materials available to them in the United States. The proper laboratory for a study of Communist methods of government is one or another of the countries ruled by Communists. Any study of Communism that is not based on research in such a laboratory can be neither very scholarly nor very enlightening.

Have We Failed Again?

THE COUNTERFEIT REVOLUTION. By Sidney Lens. Boston: Beacon Press. 272 pp. $3.50.

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

COMMUNISM, Sidney Lens well says, is the "counterfeit revolution." Yet the fact remains that this counterfeit revolution has exerted a powerful fascination upon some of the most ardent, talented, and selfless individuals of our time. The first purpose of Mr. Lens's book is to explore the reasons for this fascination—to show why it has been so hard for so many to detect the skull beneath the skin. Deeply disturbed by recent visits to Europe, Mr. Lens couches this exploration in the readable terms of a commentary on contemporary European history. In these terms he gives a vivid sense of the revolutionary dynamism of Communism, of the bitter realities of life behind the Iron Curtain, and of the confusions and perplexities of life in the free nations.

Mr. Lens's inquiry into the appeal of Communism, it must be said, is neither very systematic nor very profound. He operates in quite a different realm, for example, from Hannah Arendt in her recent book "The Origins of Totalitarianism." Yet, if his discussion adds little, it does bring the information together in a convenient and understandable way. Communism appeals, he says, to the "latent idealism" in man, the "inner desire toward martyrdom, toward helping the underdog"; it gives men a sense of mission, of being in tune with history; it mobilizes the best impulses of men toward the worst ends. "Like it or not, in the absence of proper competition, it is the most effective religion of our times." This is all true, though Mr. Lens's account may underestimate the sheer hypnotic effect of Communist power in a troubled and frightened world.

But he explains the success of Communism only partly in terms of its own appeal. It is not only the dynamism of the Communists; it is the failure of the democracies which must be taken into account. "Moscow appears radical to young idealists only because the rest of the world is so hopelessly conservative. It appears vibrant because the rest of the world is so steeped in lassitude. It appears hopeful because the rest of the world is so hopeless." This leads Mr. Lens into a critique of our own policy—a critique which is occasionally sound and valuable but which in the end becomes so harsh and exaggerated that it destroys the effect of his more measured comments.

Our European policy, Mr. Lens would assert, has failed. The good in the Marshall Plan has been nullified by aid to Franco, by German dismantlement, by the failure of internal reform in the European countries. Mr. Lens feels that "not a nickel" should have been given to the present French or Italian governments on the present basis. The movement for European unification is "a dead letter." Our policy has, above all, failed abysmally to restore the European will to resist. "Give them all the guns, tanks, planes, and money possible—and they still will not fight. Their leaders will promise, cajole, implore, beg, threaten—but they will not fight."

Now this indictment is partly true (Marshall Plan benefits have not got down to the workers in France and Italy), partly ignorant (the movement toward European unity is far from "a dead letter"), and partly irresponsible. It is all very well for Mr. Lens to cry that not a nickel should go to France or Italy. But does he really accept the alternative? If the French and Italian governments refused to reform their tax systems overnight, if they refused to set their house in order (Mr. Lens's order), would he really call upon us to abandon them to Thorez and Togliatti? If he really means this, I am thankful that he is not Secretary of State. If he doesn't mean it, then why does he write in this way?

But this is just the beginning of his diatribe on our foreign policy. Our policy, he says, is fatally obsessed with anti-Communism. We are resting everything on establishing overwhelming military superiority. "Misunderstanding the essence of Stalinist technique and hindered by pressure from the right at home, [our policy] commits one blunder after another and binds itself to one useless measure after another." Our whole thinking is dominated "by the imprint of a status quo philosophy at home. Anything that smacks of change is ipso facto Communist." No American apparently (except Justice William O. Douglas) understands why Communism spreads and how we must fight it.

These are all strong words; and Mr. Lens's indictment is so broad and

(*Continued on page 64*)

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., author of "The Vital Center," is associate professor of history at Harvard.

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Fiction. *Strictly speaking, the first volume reviewed below is not a volume of fiction, but a literary smorgasbord, containing small but tasty samples of hitherto unpublished verse, essays, as well as novels and short stories, by new and established writers. Bound in paper and selling at a modest price, "New World Writing" inaugurates in excellent style an American project in the tradition of the famous British Penguin "New Writing" series. . . . Readers who fondly recall Hope Muntz's novel of the Norman Invasion, "The Golden Warrior," will find the same absorbing and artistic re-creation of the past in Edith Simon's "The Golden Hand"* (*page* 18). *. . . And for those readers who ardently believe that Henry Green is one of the wittiest writers now using the English language there could be no better news than that he has another novel in shops sporting a typical Green title, "Doting"* (*page* 18).

Atoms & Animadversions

NEW WORLD WRITING. Edited by the Publishers. New York: The New American Library. 312 *pp.* 50c.

By Robert Halsband

"NEW World Writing" is at least new in the world of American publishing. With the kind of paper binding and format used for reprinting best sellers, this big volume contains contemporary writing which has never before been printed. Statistically, its contents are eight short stories, six excerpts from unpublished novels, six critical articles (five on literature, one on architecture), one play (reprinted from a limited edition), and brief samples from twelve poets. But sheer bulk, as our groaning newsstands testify, is no guarantee of literary respectability. Far more important, the volume's pieces are honestly written and presented; in choosing them the editors have not tried to patronize or pander to their large readership.

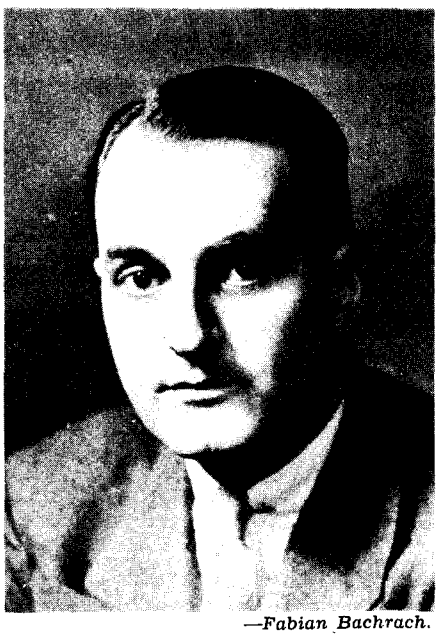
Like most anthologies, this one has, in one man's opinion, its good and bad choices. The most persuasively created stories are those of Wright Morris and James Turner Jackson. Both describe brief episodes in the life of a boy, conveying the mysterious world that an innocent and delicate sensibility projects. In a more conventional pattern Louis Auchincloss's story about boys at school is neatly articulated. Stories by Giuseppe Berto and Jean-Baptist Rossi, which are the only ones in translation, are fresh and firmly written. The excerpts from novels, oddly enough, do not seem fragmentary; the short story form today is so fluid that the difference between story and excerpt seems only editorial. An exception is the sensational chapter by Christopher Isherwood which, in its sexed-up excitement, is as effective as a movie trailer. From an apparently unplaced novel, William Gaddis's brilliantly bitter sketch of a painter in Paris is the most striking piece, and promises an unusual new novelist.

The most disappointing section is the poetry. The longest poem, by Thomas Merton, has a total obscurity through which shine individual images and lines. The shortest poem, by James Laughlin, does not suffer from incomprehensibility: "THE EGOTRON I think is what those science / fellows should develop next." These two pieces are the poles between which the others can be ranged in size and scope. But the poetic one-act play by Tennessee Williams is immediately successful. A dramatization of D. H. Lawrence's death, its biting, eloquent dialogue outlines the aura of that cantankerous genius.

Of the critical articles, one on modern architecture is too long and textbookish, one on Negro writing too stuffy, and one on translation too breezy. The others are, in different ways, perceptive and lively: P. M. Pasinetti's on Italian writing today (previewed in *SR* Mar. 29), Charles J. Rolo's on the metaphysics of the murder mystery, and Oliver Evans's on the theme of loneliness in Carson McCullers. All six of them are well informed, and happily free of the shrill arrogance that sometimes infects the literary quarterlies.

For their title, the editors have chosen a misleading one, for the selections do not represent the world's writing. Except for two stories by Continental writers and one poem by an English poet, all the writers are American. The error is innocent, probably, and not chauvinistic; the editors should either change the title or gather more non-American writing. They should also, if this is to be a serial publication, choose some clear device, a number perhaps, and place it on a cleanly designed cover. A more important objection is that the physical readability of the book is poor because of its heavy, close typography, its narrow margins, and its flimsily glued pages. Fewer, more stringently chosen selections would allow a more readable format. The editors might also add, as Penguin did in its "New Writing" books, a section of illustrations to represent other contemporary arts.

The final verdict on this new effort must be a rousing cheer. In spite of its mistakes and shortcomings, it is an admirable pioneering project and will undoubtedly succeed in gaining new readers for new writing. It may also have a boomerang effect, encouraging new writers to express themselves with fresh vigor and clarity. In comparing Penguin's fiction with this, one is struck by the assurance of the British writers; they seem confident of their audience, and not on the defensive (like some of our new writers) with preciosity or truculence or pretentiousness. While New American Library's series will certainly serve the new reader, it may also serve the new writer by giving him a large audience interested in what he has to say.



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Louis Auchincloss—"neatly articulated."

Robert Halsband is an assistant professor of English at Hunter College, New York City. He frequently lectures on contemporary writing.

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White Hart's Day

THE GOLDEN HAND. By Edith Simon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 501 *pp.* $4.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

THOUGH it reaches its bloody climax in the savagery and savage consequences of the English Peasant Revolt, though it evokes deep personal drama in the final sufferings of Lucas Robinson and the mysteriously haunted life of Edwin Widowson, though it has action and in a sense adventure, this brilliantly told story of England in the last half of the fourteenth century is not a conventional historical novel in any possible sense of the word.

Indeed, it eschews most of the devices which have now come to be the well-worn tricks of the trade. There is a brief encounter with the boy king, Richard II, and much talk of Wycliffe and the Lollards, but Mrs. Simon's novel does not get its strength and vividness from intimate portrayals of famous personages. Nor does its *mise-en-scène* involve Baedeker-conducted tours of well-known places and monuments. There is not, either, anything cloak-and-dagger about "The Golden Hand."

Here is no intrigue, no theatrically-costumed derring-do, and very little sword play—although plenty of things happen. In fact there is really no plot, not, at any rate, in the spider-web sense of the word. Instead, it is the story (or, more accurately, the stories) of a group of men and women who have been given by their creator's research and feeling the unmistakable qualities of the age, but who otherwise—as her pity and compassion strongly emphasize—merely happen to live in the past. This makes it one of the most appealing novels that I have encountered in a very long time. But it is complicated reading, with a long and involved dramatis personae, and whether the general public will concur in this judgment remains to be seen.

To sum it up briefly, it is the story of the builders and the neighbors of the Cathedral of St. Hand near Bedasford in England. Henry Adams and other writers about the Middle Ages have told over and over again of the anonymous and devoted workmen who built those great Gothic edifices that were perhaps man's most stirring tributes to God. But when you have finished Mrs. Simon's book, you realize that they were only anonymous because they were forgotten. The man who carved the holiest saint or the most fantastic gargoyle had a wife or doxy, begat children, ate, drank, and slept.

She tells us about this man—and about many others. The cruel Cinqmort lords, the merchant Trefellers and Robinsons, the craftsman or artist Widowsons, the churchmen, the peasants, the deerslayers, the outlaws, and last but not least the pagan Swan Ygern from the Isle of Gannets who becomes the witch Jane, are all woven together into a pattern that is as lively and convincing as the illustrations of the 1340 Loutrell psalter.

Binding them together is the incredible miracle which caused the cathedral to rise upon Cloudsway Waste. I will not spoil the story by telling what it is. But it will satisfy the skeptical, since it obeys their laws, and yet not disturb the devoted. For they will know—as do Mrs. Simon's characters— that God does indeed move mysteriously his wonders to perform.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb has written several biographies on the Renaissance period.

West End Mists

DOTING. By Henry Green. New York: Viking Press. 284 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Havighurst

MR. GREEN's latest story follows the course of middle-aged love in postwar London. It is closer to "Nothing" than to any other of his deft and individual novels; here are the same assured but slyly hankering people, the same shifting relationships, and the same settling back at the end into the patterns with which the novel began.

The opening scene shows Arthur and Diana Middleton at an after-theatre party for their schoolboy son. The son, Peter, cannot be bothered with his partner, eighteen-year-old Annabel Paynton, but the father can. Before the party is over he has developed a quickening interest in the forward girl; during the following days he leads her from downtown luncheon dates to dinner in his flat, in his wife's absence, and to a sofa drawn up before the fire. The last setting provides an episode of very

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"THOSE THAT RUN AWAY AND FLY"

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten runaways in literature by the facts presented below. Allowing five points for each character you can name and another five for the author or the story, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. Carefully planting evidence of his own pretended murder, this boy gave his worthless father the slip in a canoe on a moonlit night.
2. Leaving her little home town of Marygreen, without so much as a tear of farewell, this sixteen-year-old ran off to London with a reluctant nobleman.
3. Dreading punishment for having written strange sounding letters to each other these two French boys ran away from home, apprehensive of the police who would soon be on their trail.
4. Having wondered for weeks what his reaction under fire would be, this Union solider turned and ran from his first battle.
5. After fatally stabbing the man who had once betrayed her, this young lady stole quitely from her lodging house and, joined by her estranged husband, wandered through the Wessex countryside.
6. As soon as this marionette learned to walk he ran away from his creator but was stopped when a policeman caught him by the nose.
7. In order to evade imprisonment for participating in a disgraceful brawl at the Three Kings Inn, this German musician fled to Paris.
8. Learning that her five-year-old son had been sold to a slave trader, this quadroon took flight with him across the icy Ohio River.
9. Because of an overwhelming urge to be an artist this English stockbroker deserted his family, going first to Paris then to Tahiti.
10. This young orphan was robbed of his money and possessions as he fled from a loathsome existence in London to find his aunt in Dover.

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amusing farce. While this doting is going forward, Diana Middleton finds consolation in the passing attentions of their long-time friend Charles Addinsell—until he is distracted by the girl friend of Annabel. The story ends in another party for Peter, at the end of his school holiday, in a night club where the diners are drenched by the rhythm of two bands playing simultaneously and where the unprecocious Peter, still immune to other attractions, keeps asking: "When do the wrestlers start?"

One of Annabel's admirers is compiling an anthology of love poetry to be entitled "Doting." "Don't you agree," she asks doting Arthur Middleton, "it's a marvelous title?"

"Well, you know doting, to me, is not love."

"I don't follow," she said with a small frown.

"To my mind love must include adoration of course, but if you just dote on a girl you don't necessarily go so far as to love her. Loving goes deeper."

Doting, then, by Arthur Middleton's admission, is a low-pressure affair, and there is a flatness in Mr. Green's novel. It is disillusioned but never for a moment desperate. It is restless but never rebellious. It comes to this tired and tasteless realization: "The ideas one marries with soon merge into the ideas one remains married on."

Mr. Green is, of course, an untiring experimenter, and though this novel uses the material of its predecessor, "Nothing," the method here is different. He tells this story entirely in dialogue, with a minimum of description and no subjective narration. That method makes the novel very nearly a stage piece: the scenes are a repeated sequence of restaurants, taxicabs, living rooms, and bedrooms; the chapter endings come down like curtains. Though there is nothing in the lives of these people to linger in a reader's memory, before the final curtain he will have watched some amusing social squirming and listened to some empty and very lifelike talk.

A Stubborn Cry

THE DRUM SINGERS. By Lau Shaw. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 283 pp. $3.50.

By Nathan Rothman

ALTHOUGH this story is set against the smoke and thunder of war it is curiously remote from it, like a glance turned inward upon an imperishable landscape the war cannot touch. The time is 1938 and the Japanese are moving down through northern China to hammer at the gates of Chungking. Yet the sound that penetrates all of this is that of the three-stringed lute and the little drum, with which the Chinese drum singers accompany their ballads. Pao Ching, the drum singer, is something new in war heroes, it seems to me. He has not time for the war, he will not sweep back and forth with the tides and rumors of the day, he cannot even pause for hatred of the enemy—because he has one thing so much more important to do. Pao Ching is keeper of one portion of his national culture. With his lute and drum and ballads he is as dedicated as any keeper of the records of antiquity, or any curator of the arts. I do not know whether there is a comparable figure anywhere else in modern life; the wandering minstrel of medieval Europe comes to mind as the nearest of kin.

Yet not quite kin, for next to that romantic minstrel of France and Germany Pao Ching would cut an amusing figure. He is middle-aged and staid. He is decidedly unromantic, dry of the juices of passion. He is classic in detachment, able to lump together the outcries of his wife and the alarms of war in one bundle of expendable nuisances. To see him trudging through the streets of Chungking (which is humming with reports of the approaching Japanese), intent upon finding a little theatre where he may gather an audience for his ballads—this is to get a glimpse, wry and perhaps melancholy as it may be, of the stubborn spirit of man. I make a great deal of Pao Ching because he is the soul of the book and the source of much of its charm. There are other stories linked with his, of Useless Fang his elder brother, of the family of Tangs, rival drum singers, of little Liu, a lute player, and particularly of Lotus Charm, Pao Ching's adopted daughter.

A drum singer, it must be noted, will not raise his own daughter to join in his profession, since a girl singer is by tradition a hired entertainer, of no virtue, to be bought and sold. Hence he will adopt a foundling to sing in his troop, while his own girl remains at home. In Lotus Charm we behold a symbol of change, for she questions her fate, she demands the experience of honest and chosen love, the status of a daughter and an honest woman. In her case, at any rate, the year 1938 makes a difference; Lotus Charm and China strike free together. I should add that her story is interesting but not moving in any sense. It does not strike deep. It is not deeply felt in the writing. Closer to the heart of Lau Shaw is the tale of the old master, Pao Ching, whose lament over his dead brother makes better music than the outcry of the lute girl who wants to be a modern woman.

Fiction Notes

SONG IN THE NIGHT. By Josephine Lawrence. Morrow. $3.50. Miss Lawrence continues in her latest novel to handle the problems of people in the world of today with a brisk matter-of-fact efficiency that is refreshing even if it sometimes makes everything work out a little too neatly and too easily. This time the problems are those of young people growing up in a world at war, liable to be drafted or killed, facing a highly uncertain future. Should their parents allow them to marry when they are still so young? The answer takes quite some time to get itself worked out and along the way quite a number of other problems and attitudes are resolved. Miss Lawrence's style is, as usual, pleasant and homey and her scenes of small town and domestic life have an authentic ring. I do sometimes wonder why her characters have such odd names and why none of her women would, it appears from the amount of sewing they do, appear dead in a store-bought dress. But I'm sure that Miss Lawrence could solve this problem of mine with her usual cheerful good-will.

FREE AMONG THE DEAD. By Alfred Marnau. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $2.75. The Czechoslovakian poet and religious mystic, Alfred Marnau, is introduced to American readers with this, his first novel. It is a modern tale—part straight novel, part allegory—on the theme of martyrdom and religious resistance to the war spirit that Hitler spread over Europe when he began his "peaceful" occupation of neighboring states. The principal characters are three young men, a girl, and a priest, who have come together on an old estate in Czechoslovakia at

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Ideas & Studies. *"It is quite possible," we observed in this space in the issue of March 8, "that some day a woman named Simone Weil, who died in 1943 at the age of 34, may be accounted among the most important intellectual forces of our day." Some measure of her greatness was suggested at that time by Thomas Sugrue in his review of her book "Waiting for God"; below he appraises another of her works, "The Need for Roots." Mr. Sugrue suggests that Miss Weil has become a modern saint. Four saintly Roman Catholic women are the subjects of Sheila Kaye-Smith's portrait gallery, "Quartet in Heaven" (page 21) . . . Students of American history have long recognized that John Adams possessed one of the most perceptive speculative minds of any man to occupy the White House, but the publication of Zoltán Haraszti's "John Adams and the Prophets of Progress" (page 32), based on the second President's own notes on his reading, demonstrates it.*

A New Kind of Patriotism

THE NEED FOR ROOTS. By Simone Weil. Translated by Arthur Wills. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 302 pp. $4.

By Thomas Sugrue

IN the last year of her life, 1943, Simone Weil worked in the London headquarters of the Free French government. She had been in the United States briefly, and had fled from their plenty; she was to die soon of malnutrition, brought on because she refused to eat more than the rations of her countrymen in Occupied France. She was asked to prepare a memorandum on the problems of morale and psychology which would face the new French government once liberation was achieved. She produced this essay, which is stamped with two telltale marks, that of the genius and that of the saint. It is a metaphysical examination of modern man with no details skipped; it is a report on humanity which an angel with a taste for bureaucracy and detail might have prepared. As T. S. Eliot says in his preface, "This is one of those books which ought to be studied by the young before their leisure has been lost and their capacity for thought destroyed in the life of the hustings and the legislative assembly; books the effect of which, we can only hope, will become apparent in the attitude of mind of another generation."

The thoughtful among the French were generally agreed, after 1940, that their society, their communal personality, and their psyche needed a thorough examination; but more among them could have envisaged the point of view from which this awkward, dowdy, physically shattered young

Simone Weil—"at the edge of flight."

Jewess made the examination. She was a soul at the edge of flight; she had swiftly gone through phases of political and economic liberalism, and had come against the mystical nature of her being with crushing impact. She was often in that wondrous daze which implies the presence of God; she was aware of life as an eternal triangle of the world, the soul, and God. She sat down to write about the troubles of France and the plight of the French people in such an atmosphere and in such a mood. She was young; her background of knowledge was not complete; she at times made swift and broad generalizations which collapsed under the weight of scrutiny; but she regarded each human situation in relation to man's destiny as a soul, and her analysis was therefore steady, objective, and oriented to the central fact of justice—that freedom of the individual is the prime purpose of society, and the one it should continuously labor to maintain.

For those who had forgotten why communities came into being, and how nations developed from them, she set down the fundamentals of human existence, and pointed out certain verities: that groups and associations should be concerned only with the interests of their individual members, not with desires of their own; that "only the human being is fit to be free," and that organizations should be in bondage to the interests they serve; that since without freedom there is no thought, there should be complete freedom of thought, but for individuals only, not for groups or organizations; that political parties should be abandoned and "that no group should be permitted by law to express an opinion," since the opinion will be imposed upon members of the group.

The sins of France she found to be both general and particular; the question of who exists for whom has raged back and forth in French history for centuries, with Louis XIV heading one victory and the leaders of 1789 another. The Revolution, Miss Weil thought, blasted the continuity of the people and took away their roots, and the good it accomplished was later betrayed, so that the working class remained separated from and suspicious of the other sections of society. In common with other Western nations France submitted to the Industrial Revolution, until there existed for all of her people only the values of money and the personality of the state. Propaganda and advertising have by now accustomed people to think that all information is untrue; culture has become a matter of social prestige; the measure of greatness is talent; the family as a tradition and a source of continuity no longer exists. People everywhere are without roots, and being so they either sink into lethargy or set out to uproot others in a series of destructive and chaotic revolutions.

It has been the mission of France in history, Miss Weil decided, "to think out what it is the world requires." What the world requires now, she thought, is a new kind of patriotism, one which will return society to equilibrium by placing man, not the state, at the center. At present there are four obstacles to this: false ideas of greatness; the degradation of justice; the exaltation of money; and the lack of religious inspiration. Men want to be talented and rich, not good and just; as members of religious groups they either departmentalize their spiritual life and separate it completely

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from their secular existence, or they bring religion into politics and try to win power for their clergy. In all of this, Miss Weil pointed out, life gets separated from reality, and since reality is truth, and evil is the measure of distance between truth and the soul, evil has come into communal and national life and brought about uprootedness, confusion, and a society with no aim but to stay alive.

This is the outline, but not the essence, of Miss Weil's essay; she is a spare writer, and very nearly all that she wrote was the essence of her thinking, the distillate which leaked through after the heat of contemplation had smoked off all that was not pure and which therefore could be spared. In the end she took off on a flight of pure mysticism, yet never did she cut loose from the practical task she had undertaken. Her conclusion was that the mission of our age is to found a civilization based on the spiritual nature of work.

It was a particular job which she set out to do; it was a universal task which she accomplished. Under the guise of examining France she examined man; by way of advising for man's future on earth she laid out a scheme for his conquest of heaven. The book is entirely hers; in reading it, as Mr. Eliot says, "We must simply expose ourselves to the personality of a woman of genius, of a kind of genius akin to that of the saints." It is an experence of the soul to do so.

Women of God

QUARTET IN HEAVEN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New Yorks Harper & Bros. 277 pp. $3.50.

By Anne Fremantle

MISS Kaye-Smith's object in these four studies of women saints, she tells us, is psychological rather than biographical. Too often religious biographers so smooth away (or even rub out) the marks of common humanity that the supernatural is deprived of its sacramental basis in the natural. Miss Kaye-Smith wants to see her quarter whole, and in her final note on the nature of sanctity she has some interesting things to say about the derivation of the world "holiness" from the Anglo-Saxon "halig," or "whole."

Technically a saint is one in whom all the virtues reach heroic proportions, one who is wholly, totally, what he or she was intended to be by their Creator. Miss Kaye-Smith has done a memorable job—one that recalls Henri Gheon's immortal triptych, both in comparison and in analysis. She sees her quartet almost as a *pas-de-quatre,* contrasted, correlated, alike, unalike, now dove-tailing, now directly opposed each to the other three. Two were married: St. Catherine of Genoa and Cornelia Connelly; two were not: St. Rose of Lima and St. Teresa of Lisieux. Catherine and Rose were "saints in the grand manner, complete with visions, ecstasies, miracles, and almost human penances." Teresa and Cornelia followed the more ordinary paths of work, prayer, and suffering.

St. Catherine of Genoa, however, is in some ways closest to our modern viewpoint. For she was as non-representational in her devotion as the most abstract of modern artists: love for her was light, both the fire of heaven and the flames of hell. Unhappily married at sixteen, in order to end a feud between two great families (her husband a very few years older), Catherine had spent ten miserable, lonely, neglected years, and was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. One day, kneeling, she suddenly saw herself in the light of the love of God, and all her resentment, her self-pity, and her despair were instantly consumed; she cried out: "No more world, no more sin." From that day until her death at nearly sixty (her last words were a glad "No more earth") she was volunteer matron at the Hospital of the Pammatone, and also worked among the poor in their infinitely sordid homes. She even caught the plague from kissing the dying lips of a woman trying to utter the name of Jesus, but Caterina did not die of it, living to train a group of apostolic young people, some of whom, after her death, compiled her "Life and Doctrine." Her penitent, bankrupt, battered, and broken husband returned to her in 1473, nor ever left her again, vying with her in good works. In an age when few nuns even were allowed to do so, she communicated daily, yet never joined an order, nor even became a tertiary, as her husband did. Almost to the end of her life, she had no special confessor.

One of the noticeable things about saints is how they almost always appear in pairs: Benedict and Scholastica, King Constantine and Helena, Augustin and Monica, Francis and Claire, Francis of Sales and Jeanne Chantal. "Male and female created He them" is as true, indeed, of saints as it is of rabbits, and saints are as truly and as differentiatedly masculine and feminine as any other of God's creatures. It is what they, with God's help, do with the sex they were given which marks them out, just as it is what they do with their given beauty or ugliness, health or sickness, brains or brawn, riches or poverty. Catherine, threatened with a psychosomatic

(*Continued on page* 32)

Anne Fremantle is the author of a biography of Charles de Foucauld and a novel, "James and Joan."

—Detail from Amiens Cathedral, from "Cathedrals of France."

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The Saturday Review

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Confessions of a Miseducated Man

THESE notes are in the nature of a confession. It is the confession of a miseducated man.

I have become most aware of my lack of a proper education whenever I have had the chance to put it to the test. The test is a simple one: am I prepared to live in and comprehend a world in which there are two billion people? Not the world as it was in 1850 or 1900, for which my education might have been adequate, but the world in 1952. And the best place to apply that test is outside the country—especially Asia or Africa.

Not that my education was a complete failure. It prepared me superbly for a bird's-eye view of the world. It taught me how to recognize easily and instantly the things that differentiate one place or one people from another. Geography had instructed me in differences of terrain, resources, and productivity. Comparative culture had instructed me in the differences of background and group interests. Anthropology had instructed me in the differences of facial bone structure, skin pigmentation, and general physical aspect. In short, my education protected me against surprise. I was not surprised at the fact that some people lived in mud huts and others in bamboo cottages on stilts; or that some used peat for fuel and others dung; or that some enjoyed music with a five-note scale and others with twelve; or that some people were vegetarian by religion and others by preference.

In those respects my education had been more than adequate. But what my education failed to do was to teach me that the principal significance of such differences was that they were largely without significance. The differences were all but obliterated by the similarities. My education had by-passed the similarities. It had failed to grasp and define the fact that beyond the differences are realities scarcely comprehended because of their shattering simplicity. And the simplest reality of all was that the human community was one—greater than any of its parts, greater than the separateness imposed by the nations, greater than the divergent faiths and allegiances or the depth and color of varying cultures. This larger unity was the most important central fact of our time—something on which people could build at a time when hope seemed misty, almost unreal.

As I write this, I have the feeling that my words fail to give vitality to the idea they seek to express. Indeed, the idea itself is a truism which all peoples readily acknowledge even if they do not act on it. Let me put it differently, then. In order to be at home anywhere in the world I had to forget the things I had been taught to remember. It turned out that my ability to get along with other peoples depended not so much upon my comprehension of the uniqueness of their way of life as upon my comprehension of the things we had in common. It was important to respect these differences, certainly, but to stop there was like clearing the ground without any idea of what was to be built on it. When you got through comparing notes, you discovered that you were both talking about the same neighborhood, *i.e.*, this planet, and the conditions that made it congenial or hostile to human habitation.

Only a few years ago an education in differences fulfilled a specific if limited need. That was at a time when we thought of other places and peoples largely out of curiosity or in terms of exotic vacations. It was the mark of a rounded man to be well traveled and to know about the fabulous variations of human culture and behavior. But it wasn't the type of knowledge you had to live by and build on.

Then overnight came the great compression. Far-flung areas which had been secure in their remoteness suddenly became jammed together in a single arena. And all at once a new type of education became necessary. It had to be an education against tribalism. For tribalism had persisted from earliest times, though it had taken refined forms. The new education had to teach man the most difficult lesson of all: to look at someone anywhere in the world and be able to recognize the image of himself. It had to be an education in self-recognition. The old emphasis upon superficial differences had to give way to education for mutuality

Forest Grace

By Ella Elizabeth Preston

HERE on the broken body of the pine,
Rooted in rich red dust, a garden grows.
Feathers of greenest moss, flowerets of rose
In lilliputian grandeur here combine
While fairy insects, gossamer winged and fine
Dance the white beams on fragilest of toes.
Far, far aloft each sturdy treetop blows
Forward and back, following the wind's design.

Such peace is patterned in this sheltered place,
Such sweetness sung in woodland symphonies,
I lift my heart to listen, lean to trace
The Melody in frail antiphonies
Hummed from the forest floor by murmuring bees,
Then, at this laden table, offer grace.

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and for citizenship in the human community.

In such an education we begin with the fact that the universe itself does not hold life cheaply. Life is a rare occurrence among the millions of galaxies and solar systems that occupy space. And in this particular solar system life occurs on only one planet. And on that one planet life takes millions of forms. Of all those countless forms of life, only one, the human species, possesses certain faculties in combination that give it supreme advantages over all the others. Among those faculties or gifts is a creative intelligence that enables man to reflect and anticipate, to encompass past experience and also to visualize future needs. There are endless other wondrous faculties the mechanisms of which are not yet within the understanding of their beneficiaries—the faculties of hope, conscience, appreciation of beauty, kinship, love, faith.

Viewed in planetary perspective, what counted was not that the thoughts of men led them in different directions but that all men possessed the capacity to think; not that they pursued different faiths but that they were capable of spiritual belief; not that they wrote and read different books but that they were capable of creating print and communicating in it across time and space; not that they enjoyed different art and music but that something in them enabled them to respond deeply to forms and colors and ordered vibrations of sounds.

These basic lessons, then, would seek to provide a proper respect for man in the universe. Next in order would be instruction in the unity of man's needs. However friendly the universe may be to man, it has left the conditions of human existence precariously balanced. All men need oxygen, water, land, warmth, food. Remove any one of these and the unity of human needs is attacked and man with it. The next lesson would concern the human situation itself—how to use self-understanding in the cause of human welfare; how to control the engines created by man that threaten to alter the precarious balance on which life depends; how to create a peaceful society of the whole.

With such an education, it is possible that some nation or people may come forward not only with vital understanding but with the vital inspiration that men need no less than food. Leadership on this higher level does not require mountains of gold or thundering propaganda. It is concerned with human destiny; human destiny is the issue; people will respond.

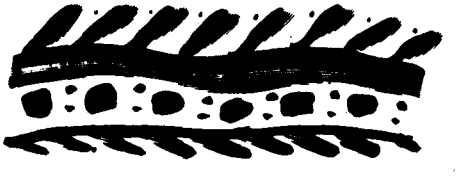
—N. C.

Bookmarks

"We ought to help the men that don't have the know-how," declares the earnest hero of Ben Ames Williams's "Owen Glen," which tells all about coal-mining in Ohio. Here is a novel in which the action occurs between the beginning of 1890 and the end of 1898, and we doubt if "know-how" was born as far back as that. We hope it was not; we are sorry it ever got born at all. We are glad, therefore, to take this occasion to further the noble minion of Jacob Blanck, national president of the Society for the Suppression of "Know-How." Why "know-how" when we have the perfectly satisfactory monosyllable "skill"? Let "know-how" hang around, and before long an appointment will be a "see-when," a destination a "go-where," and an explanation a "tell-why."

* * *

What novelist was first with the now ubiquitous disclaimer "All the characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance" and so on? Pending advices to the contrary, we put forward Alain-René Lesage, who announced in "The Author's Declaration" to "Gil Blas" (1715—we quote



the Smollett translation of 1749): "I publicly own that my purpose is to represent life as we find it: but God forbid that I should undertake to delineate any man in particular."

* * * *

"Is the word *ineffable* ever used at all today *except* in the sarcastic sense?" Thomas L. Jeltrup of New York asks. It is a long time since we have seen *ineffable* in print (not including the work we have done on it in the past fifteen minutes), and an even longer time since we have heard anybody say it, but we are afraid that Mr. Jeltrup may be right. If this be so then *ineffable* is undergoing the process which word-technologists call degeneration—a process for which they usually cite as samples *knave, boor,* and *mistress.* An inspection of Bartlett, Stevenson, and Hoyt reveals only two quotations with *ineffable* in them, one by James Thomson (the "Seasons" man) and the other by William Dean Howells. Neither quotation is exactly familiar, but both are non-sarcastic. *Ineffable,* we suspect, has become what General Omar Bradley would be likely to call a fancy-Dan word. It might have been a good idea if it had maintained its basic significance of *unpronounceable,* but in that definition, alas, it is obsolete.

* * * *

Leigh Hunt once "surprised" John Keats "with a real authenticated lock of Milton's hair," and Keats wrote some verses about it. Who made the authentication? Where is the lock of hair now? Who, independent of the original authentication, can today authenticate it as the lock Keats saw, independently of whether or not it was Milton's hair to begin with? The possibilities of error here seem to be fantastic, doubled and redoubled. What, for instance, was the hair doing in the 144-year interval between Milton's death and Hunt's acquisition of it?

* * * *

The word (as one must call it for want of a better word) *hospitalize* irks Lewis Reynolds of Copake Falls, N. Y., just as much as if it were actually happening to him. By way of pointing up his displeasure he submits to this department the following hypothetical news story, which we are delighted to pass on for the edification of whomsoever it may concern, the great handicap being that it won't concern the right people:

> A careless bus-driver hit a safety zone about 4 p.m. yesterday and caused the vehicle to turn over on its side. Fortunately only three of the occupants needed to be hospitalized; the rest preferred to be homized. The offending driver was stationhousized for the night. In traffic court this morning the judge decided that he should be hoosegowized for ten days.

* * * *

Cobblers away from their lasts: Rousseau gave music lessons. John Kendrick Bangs ran for mayor of Yonkers, N. Y. Paul Laurence Dunbar ran an elevator. Goethe was a pioneer in comparative anatomy. Harriet Martineau was a practical farmer. Frank Baum raised chrysanthemums. Blaise Pascal fashioned a workable adding machine. Arnold Bennett conducted a beauty column over the signature of Gwendolyn. Liam O'Flaherty worked in a tire factory in Hartford, Conn., and Erich Maria Remarque was test driver for a Berlin tire company. Mary Russell Mitford selected the lucky number (it was 2224) which won £ 20,000 for her father in a London factory. Woodrow Wilson and Munro Leaf coached football.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Greater Garble"

SIR: What a pity that Jacques Barzun spoiled his otherwise excellent article "The Greater Garble" [*SR* Apr. 12] by betraying his contempt for women! His inference is that "Miss Anonymous," his typical copy-reader, is displaying a feminine characteristic with her style-flattening activities. Copy readers are often women, it is true. But it must be pointed out that the book publishers who hire her to do her job are, in a large majority, men. She is therefore merely doing the job she is paid for, and in doing it is carrying out a man-made policy.

HERMA BRIFFAULT.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As a free-lance copy editor I was vastly intrigued by Mr. Jacques Barzun's "The Greater Garble," in which he dissects our inconspicuous breed, thereby raising it to undreamed-of prominence. Mr. Barzun accuses us of Word Control, a crime that comes straight out of the realm of totalitarianism. His are the words of a bitter man, whose copy must have been sadly mangled by incompetent hands and vacant little minds.

According to the Barzun Law, I have even less excuse than other copy editors for doing what I occasionally do. I have passed the age where I can be described as a "girl," and it is uncertain whether I ever was a "very nice girl." Yet, I feel that Mr. Barzun is laboring under certain misconceptions which ought to be dispelled before the guild of copy editors is insulted out of business.

There are abuses in every profession, and copy editing is no exception. The "girl" who arbitrarily changes the author's manuscript personifies this abuse, but she is not typical. In my experience copy editing is a perfectly harmless job which consists in straightening out minor inconsistencies of spelling and punctuation. Copy editors see to it, for instance, that the word "labor" is spelled uniformly throughout, and not changed to "labour." I have yet to meet the author whose sense of variety was outraged by this correction. It is possible—although I do not recall it now—that I may have deleted an "and," particularly where the author's copy read "and and." But again, it is difficult to see how a work of genuine literary merit would suffer from such a deletion.

I think that part of Mr. Barzun's indignation—which is certainly justified in some respects—stems from his feeling that most writing is good by virtue of being written. This is not the case. The truth is, as Mr. Barzun must know better than I, that much of it is mediocre, and some of it terrible. Not all authors are as deliberate and thoughtful about their style as Mr. Barzun is, or likes to think that other writers are. I have even met some who plainly indicated that they didn't give a damn and were saying, in effect, "Go ahead and change."

Even writers can be negligent. I still remember the blue-eyed Sergeant Simpson who lives further down in the text turned into the brown-eyed Corporal Wilson, although the author was still talking about the same person. This is the kind of material which feeds *The New Yorker's* footnote, "Our Forgetful Authors." It is up to the copy editor, with her feeble intellectual equipment, to decide whether this was a case of colossal whimsicality on the part of the author, or mere sloppiness.

An obscure sentence, incidentally, does not always reflect the author's depth or his desire to arrest the reader's attention. It is frequently obscure or involved because he could not think of a better way of putting it.

None of this, of course, justifies arbitrary changes in any author's manuscript. I can truthfully say that I have never done this, although I have often been tempted. Neither has any publisher ever authorized me to do so. Surely fine writing cannot be ruined by a clumsy copy editor. Mediocre and poor writing, God knows, may somtimes even be improved.

THERESA POL.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If Harriet wants to do some good about slavery, why doesn't she write a serious article instead of this cheap fiction?"

SIR: I sympathize with Jacques Barzun who obviously has suffered horribly from wounds inflicted by copy editors. But when he denounces "the hullabaloo about *which* and *that*, which has now spread everywhere like poison ivy," as "a fad and nothing more," he is utterly, fantastically wrong.

Fowler points out correctly, that *that* is the defining relative, *which* the non-defining. *Which*, he says, "should not be used in defining clauses except when custom, euphony, or convenience is decidedly against the use of *that*." This is *not* just a "suggestion," as Barzun calls it, but a statement about the proper idiomatic use of the English language. Jespersen calls the use of *which* instead of *that* "less natural" and "pretentious."

Unfortunately, there is *no* hullabaloo whatever about the important distinction between *which* and *that;* unfortunately, it hasn't spread *anywhere* like poison ivy; unfortunately, the distinction, which Mr. Barzun airily takes for granted, seems totally unknown to writers and editors. Looking idly through the same issue of *The Saturday Review* that contained Mr. Barzun's outburst, I found the following six examples of the anti-Fowler, anti-Jespersen, anti-Barzun, anti-English *which* in a defining clause:

p. 33: ". . . just the kind of clarity and charm which one would expect..." (C. E. Ayres)

p. 33: ". . . the nineteenth century and those which both anticipated and followed it . . ." (Lucius Beebe)

p. 33: ". . . the science which presents societies in a chronic sequence." (Ashley Montagu)

p. 36: ". . . a struggle which has taken different forms at different times . . ." (Milton R. Konvitz)

p. 64: ". . . details of the crash which kills them all. " (Edward J. Fitzgerald)

p. 65: ". . . the political and economic issues which troubled the time." (Edward J. Fitzgerald)

I herewith call upon *Saturday Review* readers—and editors—to start a hullabaloo about *which* and *that*——the louder the better.

RUDOLPH FLESCH.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

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SIR: How just Jacques Barzun is in his denunciation of "The Greater Garble"! And how moderate! But if a publisher—maybe some frustrated author scotchtaping his frayed self-esteem—chooses to play the censor, what can a mere writer do? I wished that the J in Mr. Barzun's name had stood for Jeremiah. In any case, your printing it, unedited and unexpurgated, as you say, is warmly applauded from this particular seat.

ALFRED C. DALMAS.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

SIR: Would that Jacques Barzun's article might be read by every person in the country who undertakes to edit manuscripts for publication. If a man has a real thought to express but doesn't know how to express it, the editor should communicate with him and whatever changes need to be made should be worked out together. If, on the other hand, he does know how to write and endeavors with all his might to say precisely what he means, he shouldn't be made to say what he does not mean by having his carefully chosen words and constructions and punctuations changed by someone who does not possess either his knowledge or his experience with words.

There comes to mind the time when I wrote "swingeing" but the "very nice girl" (and she *was* a very nice person) didn't know that the dictionary contained such a word and changed it to "swinging"—and made nonsense out of my sentence! I am mindful also of the numerous times when my carefully arranged "which's" and "that's" have been tampered with and it has been made to appear that I am unaware that the English language contains such a word as "which." My mind also goes to the times when, by cutting out some word or phrase from my article, my intentions have been blurred. That should not be the case.

Why, too, as Jacques Barzun suggests, should every bit of writing in a given publication be made to sound like every other bit of writing in its pages? It is, as he truly says, "because a man does not write like everybody else and yet remains accessible that he is a good writer." In fact, it is often the case that his particular mode of expression is what gives emphasis to his ideas. The careful writer wants to be himself and not somebody else.

WINFRED RHOADES.

Sudbury, Mass.

SIR: It was fun to read Mr. Barzun's pungent article but there are two sides to a matter which he discusses *ex parte*. . . . I have long suspected, however, that even the work of professionals frequently needs a bit of editing in detail, and that suspicion has not been allayed by reading Mr. Barzun's article. . . . There is no doubt a need, however, for better copy readers, and the best way to get them is perhaps to improve the procedure under which they work. An author should always, as Mr. Barzun himself says, be allowed to consider editorial changes before his work is set up in type. . . . Such a course would improve the average quality of the copy editor's work, especially if copy editors were treated as individuals responsible for what they do to manuscripts. The less qualified ones would be weeded out because of the protests evoked by their fumbles. The better qualified ones, especially if there were some freedom of discussion between them and the authors, might learn more from give-and-take discussion than they would from all those hard-to-get books which Mr. Barzun has listed. And the discussions ought really to be give-and-take; few authors are good enough to maintain a peremptory print-it-as-is-or-be-damned attitude. Some writers could perhaps learn something from copy editors. Anything might happen, especially if the copy editor had become proficient while she was still a nice young girl.

FRANK C. CALKINS.

Washington, D. C.

Fractured German

SIR: What, no fractured German yet? Here are a few atrocities to start the ball rolling:

wunderbar ..... fancy saloon
Plattdeutsch .... German cooking
Hofbräu ..... intellectual
Hochdeutsch ..... German pawnbroker

TRUDY DRUCKER.

Newark, N. J.

From Mrs. D. H. Lawrence

SIR: Bennett Cerf describes in your paper [TRADE WINDS, *SR* Mar. 29] a visit he supposedly paid to Lawrence at the Villa Mirenda near Florence in the spring of 1929. This visit is a sheer impossibility. We gave up the Mirenda in September 1928, spent the winter in Bandol and also the spring of 1929.

Anyone can verify this by looking it up in Lawrence's published letters. It is quite evident that Mr. Cerf never was at Mirenda. He talks of stucco. There was no stucco; the Mirenda was an old solid Medici villa with large rooms, in the lovely Tuscan hills.

Lawrence was not small and the whole article is a bit of sheer malevolence and sanctimoniousness. I resent particularly the sordid picture of dirty milk bottles and decaying food and flies.

Also Mr. Cerf says Lawrence's popularity is dimming. The opposite is true. Millions of his books sell all over the world. More than eight hundred books have been written about him besides articles.

I do not believe I ever met Mr. Cerf.

Will you, please, publish this letter in your paper in fairness to two dead men, and to me? I cannot let this picture stand without protest.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE RAVAGLI.

Taos, N. M.

SIR: Frieda Lawrence Ravagli's letter made me dig up the exact record of my trip to Italy. Fortunately, I kept it very carefully. I learned that Mrs. Ravagli is correct about one thing. I was not in Florence in 1929. The exact date of my visit to Mr. Lawrence's villa with Norman Douglas was June 6, 1928. I can understand her retaining no memory whatever of that visit, but it does seem to me that she might remember coming to see me at Random House some years later in an effort to persuade me to buy the entire Lawrence property from his American publisher, The Viking Press, because (said she) that publisher had neglected him and allowed most of his books to go out of print. I am delighted to learn from her letter now that millions of his books are selling all over the world. Evidently, she was as wrong about his publisher as she is about never having met me.

Incidentally, the time I visited Mr. Lawrence I ordered from him a specially autographed copy of the unabridged edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." He mailed me this book in August 1928 (it was copy number 587) and I sent the check direct to him in payment therefor. I pasted that check—endorsed, naturally, by him—in my copy of the book and will be happy to show it to Mrs. Ravagli any time she cares to look at it.

BENNETT CERF.

New York, N. Y.

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Broadway Postscript

REX PERPLEXED

ON APRIL 8, Christopher Fry's poetic comedy "Venus Observed" received the Drama Critics Award as the best foreign play of the year, and on April 26, just eighteen days later, "Venus Observed" closed.

The cutting short of a scheduled sixteen-week run at less than twelve was necessitated by lack of business, and it would appear to be a blow at Christopher Fry in particular and poetic drama in general. A visit backstage at the Century on the day before closing revealed no such pessimism, however. Rex Harrison, who gave one of the most dazzling performances of his career as the Duke of Altair, applied the solvent to his wig glue with chipper deftness and spoke in inflections more curious than bereaved.

"It's difficult for the actor working so closely with the play," he observes, "to understand just how difficult the play may be for an audience seeing it for the first time. I must admit that when I first saw Fry's 'The Lady's Not for Burning' I found it flipping over my head a bit, but 'Venus,' when I saw Larry do it, seemed to me much more easily digestible."

Much as he admired Sir Laurence Olivier's London performance as the Duke of Altair, the lighthearted Harrison feels that his interpretation was quite different. "Larry [who directed the New York production] was most helpful in explaining things about the play to me, but he never tried to suggest how I should go about my characterization. In general, I played the Duke as a gay, witty, amusing man who has suffered a great tragedy in the loss of his first wife. I played him a bit younger and more amorous than Larry did, because I felt that a man in his late forties isn't really considered old any more," muses the forty-four-year-old comedian.

Harrison and Olivier are both the same age and have numerous other coincidental resemblances to each other, including the fact that in "Venus Observed" they are reversing the situation that existed thirteen years ago when Harrison played the lead in "No Time for Comedy" in London, while Olivier played the same role in New York. "He's sort of gone in for the tragic roles and I've stuck pretty well to the comic. I suppose it's too late for me to think about playing Hamlet anymore, but I would like someday at least to take a crack at Malvolio."

The rexacious actor, who hasn't elected to carry the load of responsibilities that Sir Laurence has, nevertheless worked extremely hard on delivering Fry's cascade of words in an effortless yet meaningful fashion. "To speak 'Fryly' you have to take breaths like nothing else I've ever done in the theatre. You can't play it slow and breathe in the middle. You simply have to store up and take it at a run or it's no good at all."

Mr. Harrison warns that in addition to the pure virtuosity of delivery (which might be compared to a musician playing a long and intricate cadenza) there is the further problem of giving "over-all sense" to lines that contain a great deal of obscurity. "For instance in the speech I make at the height of the eclipse to Rosabel:

So Rosabel believes when the cold spell comes
And we're compelled to enter this draughty time
And shuffle about in the slipshod leaves,
Leaves disbanded, leaves at a loose end,
And we know we're in for the drifting of the fall,
We should merely shiver and be silent: never speak
Of the climate of Eden, or the really magnificent
Foliage of the tree of knowledge,
Or the unforgettable hushed emerald
Of the coiling and fettering serpent:
Pretend we never knew it, because love
Quite naturally condescended
To the passing of time. But why should we, Rosabel?

I try to portray the resignation of age and also to make the Eden part of the speech suggest sex. That is the kind of thing an actor can do with the poetic drama. The abstract things, such as Rosabel standing for the Tragic Muse or the Duke being a modern Prospero, as Derek Stanford suggests in his book ("Christopher Fry, an Appreciation," British Book Centre, $2.75), are not for the actor but for special people in the audience to make in their own minds if they want to."

The brittle Britisher, despite his long association with light comedy, deems it a very great privilege to have become the only actor in the world to play the leading role in verse plays of the three playwrights who in our time have been most successful in the medium. In addition to Fry's Duke, he has played Henry VIII in Maxwell Anderson's "Anne of the Thousand Days" and Sir Harcourt Reilly in the London production of T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party." "Max is the most earthy and Rabelaisian," says the actor, who shares Anderson's strong

Rex Harrison: "'Venus' seemed to me much more easily digestible."

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gravitation towards the physical aliveness of life. "His poetry is basically dramatic. I love that soliloquy in 'Anne' that starts:

There is a load every man lugs behind him,
heavy, invisible, sealed, concealed, perfumed,
a package of dead things he drags along,
never opened
save to put in some horror of the mind—
some horror of his own doing—to seal up
and rot in secret. He pretends
there's no such thing. He tries to walk
as if he had no burden.

"Eliot on the other hand," says the actor, putting his head down and thinking, "is more abstract. The theme in 'The Cocktail Party' was complicated, but he told it in concise dialogue without many obscure words. In Fry, the dialogue is full of fresh words which send you running to the dictionary but his over-all theme is usually simpler. In both Fry and Eliot you have to think out the ideas in each line as you say them. If you try to do it by rote you're sure to hit a wrong word and you're going so fast that you can't possibly stop and substitute another word quickly enough. Eliot gets his laughs out of the characters, while Fry gets his sometimes out of the words themselves. He likes to follow high flowing verse with a short mundane line. In that sense I'd say the poetry is more necessary to Fry's wit than it is to Eliot's.

"My favorite line in 'The Cocktail Party' is:

Reilly
. . . They do not repine:
Are contented with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk before the fire
Two people who know they do not understand each other,
Breeding children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.
Celia
Is that the best life
Reilly
It is a good life. Though you will not know how good
Till you come to the end. But you will want nothing else,
And the other life will only be a book
You have read once and lost. In a world of lunacy
Violence, stupidity, greed . . . it is a good life."

The tall and graceful performer, who admits that the apparent ease with which he tosses off lines like these onstage is really an illusory sleight-of-hand disguising of actions worked

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out painstakingly in long weeks of rehearsal, but always kept within the framework of an honest characterization, has two favorite speeches which have grown on him during the run of "Venus." One is his reply to his son's question asking whether he loved each of his three mistresses equally:

Equality is a mortuary word

and the other is his dressing-down of Dominic for urging Rosabel to give herself up to the police.

God would tell me He loves you, but then God
Is wonderfully accomplished, and to me
You seem less lovely, and for this good reason:
You think more of the sin than of the sinner.

The line faintly suggested Shaw and a comparison was immediately asked for.

"They're all wonderful writers and mine are only an actor's reactions to working with the lines," apologizes the highly agreeable actor, "but I'd say that with Shaw you feel you're speaking on behalf of the playwright and his philosophy. But Fry is observing life more than he is moralizing about it."

Mr. Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer, will summer in Italy before returning here in the fall with a comedy. They are considering two at the moment. One is an adaptation from the French, and the other a new play by a well-known American playwright.

"I know," he says, "that American audiences are desperately adventurous and love the challenge of a poetic play. I felt that 'Venus Observed' was Fry's nearest approach to the kind of thing that a large number of people could enjoy, and even though we did not run the full sixteen weeks I am considerably heartened by the response. So many people have come back to see me terribly, terribly excited by the play. Then, too, the production was not a financial catastrophe. In fact it came within a few thousand dollars of making its money back. Lilli and I would be delighted to do another play like this. It is so much more fun and stays interesting longer than the usual sort of the thing we get a chance to do."

—HENRY HEWES.

"TO BE CONTINUED" has many of the same high-comedy elements that made this season's production of "The Constant Wife" so entertaining. However, where the wise Mr. Maugham gave his characters a mental toughness which allowed them to remain witty about their extra-marital escapades, William Marchant has invested his *dramatis personae* with a fatal weakness. Sentimentality rather than pure intelligence dictates the resolution of the constant triangle between an older man, his domestic wife, and his romantic mistress, all of whom have been preserving their illusions for a quarter-century.

Neil Hamilton, Jean Dixon, and Dorothy Stickney comprise the placidly immoral trio, and while each has some genuinely funny moment, none really emerges from under the weight the playwright has placed upon them. Two secondary characters whom the author has treated more in the spirit of pure comedy become the play's chief assets. Luella Gear as a hard-boiled kept woman demonstrates a devastatingly laconic delivery reminiscent of that master cynic, Pearl Bailey, and Mary Gildea, as a maid who wants to be informed of "the comings and goings" in the Tenth Street love nest, is briefly riotous.

Donald Oenslager's setting is so right that you will want to redecorate your own apartment after seeing it. Guthrie McClintic's direction is technically good, but one rather wishes that he and Mr. Marchant had somehow collaborated to achieve more of a unity in comic style. —H. H.

IS THERE a better play to be seen on Broadway than Tennessee Williams's "Summer and Smoke"? I doubt it. And that permanent acting cooperative of Greenwich Village known as Circle-in-the-Square has turned it into their finest production to date.

Director José Quintero believes that actors should always play the immediate basic situation, and if his results are less subtle and lyrical than the stylish Broadway performances given by Margaret Phillips and Co. four years back, there is also more dramatic bite to them, which is a big help to a play that is longish to begin with. Geraldine Page's Alma is a terrifying portrait of a woman whose body is the battleground of flesh and the spirit. Lee Richard plays the young doctor powerfully, with heavy emphasis on the wastrel side of his nature. Kathleen Murray, as the sweet young thing Alma saves the Doctor for, is refreshingly lyrical and glisteningly pretty. Jason Winegreen, Gloria Backe, and Estelle Omens stand out among the rest of a generally excellent cast.

Keith Cuerden's scenery and Noah Kalkut's lighting is mood-sensitive and no less effective than the Mielziner original. They give the Arena-Elizabethan stage the feeling of a whole town. "Summer and Smoke," which was first presented Arena style in Dallas, has come brilliantly full circle in Sheridan Square. —H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

CRIME IN DEPTH

CRIME is usually two-dimensional in the movies, having length and breadth, but no depth. It is also usually two-factored, with action and some kind of motive on the part of the criminal, action and method on the part of the police. These two elements, cops and robbers, are the characters in crime drama. The third element which you might call Reason, or Intelligence, is almost always missing; consequently, the embodiment of intelligence which we call Society is also missing—the social organization which is openly responsible for the punishment of crime and implicitly responsible for preventing it. In the flat world of the movies (and in radio and television) crime spreads so far because it is spread so thin.

It is, therefore, exciting to see a beautifully executed melodrama, "The Sniper" (Columbia-Stanley Kramer), which gets all the surface values out of the case of the "unmotivated" or compulsive killer, digs behind the action to suggest the inadequacy of ordinary police methods, and going still further renders the real dramatic essence of the event in the conversion of a police officer from his traditional faith in method to acceptance of the role of Reason or Society—it is, in fact, the drama of the policeman becoming a citizen. "The Sniper" was written by Harry Brown (co-author of "A Place in the Sun") on a story by Edna and Edward Anhalt, who also get credit for the production. The Anhalts won an Oscar two years ago for the original story of "Panic in the Streets," the first story, I believe they had done for a major production. Before that they had supplied scenarios for whatever footage a quickie producer might have bought and had served time in the galleys of the pulp magazines. They have a flair for melodrama, a keen eye for what a movie should look and feel like, and, as "The Sniper" brilliantly proves, a capacity for putting these two essential qualities in the service of a penetrating intelligence. With the nervous, but not jumpy direction of Edward Dmytryk, their picture moves smoothly from one level of interest to another or exists simultaneously as a melodrama of murder, a drama of character that is not quite fully realized, and a serious play of ideas in action.

The Sniper (played by Arthur Franz) kills without knowing why he kills, often without knowing his victims. In an effort to stop himself, he deliberately burns his hand, hoping to attract the attention of a psychiatrist at a hospital, but he fails because the routine for committing him is so uncertain that an accidental interruption of his examination sets him free. From then on he kills: a girl who attracts him and then plans a weekend with a boy-friend, a girl who thinks he's queer, a girl who is petting with a boy in the park, a woman whom he has seen giving a vapid interview on television, and so on. A conventional, but acceptable, explanation of the murders is given and a bang-up capture of the murderer complete this part of the movie.

THE police part shows the line-up of suspects and the horrible jocosity of the examining officers. When the apparatus of investigation goes into action, it fails. The lieutenant, well played by Adolph Menjou, is not a bigot committed to routine, but experienced in it, compelled to defend it against the frightened and angry citizens who demand an arrest. His turning to the city psychologist (Richard Kiley) and his slow conversion to the idea of preventive action are a tribute not so much to the force of circumstance (the failure of the routines) as to the force of intellect, and that is rare in the movies.

Telling very much the same story, "Without Warning" (UA) proposes to glorify police methods, but although it has a lot of surface to excite the nerve-ends, it isn't even technically satisfactory. The problem here is to capture a slasher of women. The police perform miracles of detailed search until they have found out where the gardener's shears were bought, what kind of a man the killer is (they throw in a psychiatrist for good measure), and then (the twist) they send out a dozen decoy girls, all of the right types, to capture him. They almost have their hands on him when he fools them—he lets the girl go unharmed. But these zealots for method do not even bother to pick up the glass from which he has just drunk and compare his fingerprints with those of the killer! Movies that live by method, must perish by it, too.

"The Sniper" is an eloquent plea not for coddling criminals, but for recognizing them long before murder occurs. It is only in that sense an attack on police methods. I haven't space to recount the dozens of genuine cinematic effects, from the heart-breaking steps of the San Francisco streets, so often used and here used so effectively, to the frightening eyes of a cat watching the killer bury evidence, nor to note the discretion with

Arthur Franz as The Sniper—"the eyes of a cat."

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which the armory of psychoanalytic materials have been used. It is a sensational picture in every sense, because it uses sensations all the way through—but it penetrates to the depths and is vastly satisfactory.

—GILBERT SELDES.

SR Recommends

The Sniper: Reviewed this week.

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George

Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

The Young and the Damned: Luis Bunuel's enlightened and enlightening study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents, reviewed here under its original title, "Los Olvidados." (*SR* Sept. 15.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain. 2. Amber St. Clare, in Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. 3 Jacques Thibault and Daniel Fontanin, in "The Thibaults," by Roger Martin du Gard. 4. Henry Fleming, in "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane. 5. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy. 6. "Pinnocchio," by Carlo Collodi. 7. "Jean-Christophe," by Romain Rolland. 8. Eliza Harris, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. 9. Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence," by Somerset Maugham. 10. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.

TV and Radio

THROUGH THE BATTLE OF SMOKE

IT seems to me that the cigarette people by plying us on television with so many facts and figures have been going about the whole thing elbow-backward. Which statement will seem to the more perceptive like a confession that I don't know my facts from my figures.

Maybe I don't. But if so it's because I'm confused and defeated by the commercials I see and hear on my television set. For instance:

Camels are good for the T-zone, which is proved by the fact that more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

Chesterfields are (A) always milder, (B) better tasting, and (C) cooler smoking, and they come in a clean, white pack.

Philip Morris produces no cigarette hangover, so you'll be glad tomorrow you smoked Philip Morris today.

Fatima is the king-sized cigarette that filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection because Fatimas are 21 per cent longer than any other cigarette.

Cavaliers are the king-sized cigarettes which if you lay five of them end to end they will reach the length of six regulation-sized cigarettes.

And as for Lucky Strikes, they don't even ask you to smoke them any more. All they want you to do is take a Lucky between your fingers, hold it upright, and tear the paper down the seam. You will now find yourself holding a cylinder of tobacco, firmly packed. While watching one of their shows the other evening I felt the least I could do to show my appreciation for the entertainment was to try it. And just like the man said there I sat fondling a little cylindrical stack of tobacco. To my horror I discovered after the show that I had done it with a Philip Morris. For which, my abject apologies to the American Tobacco Company.

It was a natural mistake. My wife has been smoking Philip Morris cigarettes nigh on to twenty years and I picked up one of her packs. Not only have I never heard her announce at breakfast that she was glad she smoked Philip Morris yesterday, but recently she suffered a slight back strain and the doctor prescribed hot baths every night for a week before going to bed. During these baths she called for cigarettes and I danced attendance on her by lighting a cigarette and bringing it to the bathroom. Every cigarette I handed her was a different brand, and my findings are that not once did she notice the difference. This is a scientifically proven lavatory test.

However, I deviate. I think Lucky Strikes have now hit upon a whole new future in cigarette advertising. They've given us something to do with cigarettes besides smoking them. To sit there calmly tearing a cigarette down the seam requires a steady hand and a cool head, and it affords a greater release from nervous tension than smoking a whole pack of cigarettes, I don't care how mild.

This new approach to cigarette advertising could well be used by the Parliament cigarette people. I read somewhere recently that if you gently push the tobacco out of a Parliament cigarette (a long nail will do the trick) and leave yourself only the cigarette paper, then moisten the tip with your tongue and gently throw it, tip first, to the ceiling, it will stick there. And forever! I tried it. I now have four such cigarettes hanging vertically from the ceiling in my study. It sometimes takes five or six throws to make one stick, but once it's there you have no idea of the feeling of accomplishment it affords.

What a piece of business for a television commercial! And what a sales talk: "Parliament is the only cigarette that sticks to your ceiling!"

With this new trend in mind (something to do with cigarettes besides smoking them) several sponsors have united on a new campaign.

"More than half your packs go for tax," says the announcer. And he proves that more than half the money you pay for cigarettes is paid to the Government in tax. Since taxes are needed desperately to defray the cost of defense against the overthrow of the free world, it is practically un-American now not to smoke. So buy them by the carton.

"But," you say, "why should I buy cigarettes when I smoke a pipe?"

"But I smoke cigars."

"But I chew."

"But I don't smoke."

These flimsy reasons won't excuse you now. You can buy them and tear the seams, or throw them at the ceiling. This is the battle for a free and peaceful world tomorrow. You'll be glad tomorrow you smoked anything today. There are no butts about it.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Music to My Ears

STOKOWSKI SPEAKS FOR ALEXEI HAEIFF & ROGER GOEB

THANKS TO Leopold Stokowski two American composers had the performances of their young lives on a recent broadcast of new works by Alexei Haieff and Roger Goeb. As the climax of this year's Columbia University Festival of American Music, the cooperative effort of Stokowski, an excellent orchestra, and the network facilities of CBS provided an hour of post-season music-making as fine as anything that had been heard from the Philharmonic at the same hour in the preceding twenty-eight weeks.

To be sure it was Haieff and Goeb who wrote the pieces, and Stokowski "only" intercepted them—but being the kind of works they are the values might have totaled considerably less in performances lacking the sheen and polish of these. For once, one felt one had heard new works at maximum effect in the very first encounter with them.

As between two men not identified with any considerable catalogue of performed works, I was particularly impressed by Goeb's sense of instrumental color, his facility in juxtaposing timbres and accents in a way that made new sounds of the familiar combinations in his Symphony No. 3. This is no matter, in the old sense, of orchestration or instrumentation: it is rather a keen sense of creating directly in terms of the elements involved.

At this point, Goeb's orchestral command is far more impressive than his faculty for inventing interesting ideas, but it is a skill so highly developed that one might well suspend judgment on how far he might eventually go. Among his colleagues I think only of Walter Piston as a man with like sense of detail, and Goeb's kind of sound is rather more diverse and fanciful than is usual of Piston. Whether this is really a symphony in any real sense, or more like a suite, may well be disputed. It is long enough (twenty-five minutes or so) for the first, but light enough for the second. I think "divertimento" suits its character better than either.

The Haieff Piano Concerto left its considerable quota of impressions, though less of what was done than how it was done. The conception, plainly enough, seemed to be to write a work in which the character of the piano and the orchestra would be clearly maintained from beginning to end without sacrificing one to the other. Thus a succession of dialogues between the solo instrument and various individuals of the ensemble—trumpet, flute, violin—with few heavily scored tuttis, little display.

Here the lack of strongly marked ideas was even more of a liability than in the Goeb symphony, for there were some stretches that suggested the simultaneous performance of two different works as the orchestra went one way, the piano another, without a web of common matter to bind them together. A rather moody thought for the strings in what served as a slow section (four tempo alterations made up what seemed—in the absence of program notes or a score—to be a single consecutive movement) promised more than it yielded. Otherwise, a little jazz here, a little Stravinsky there, suggested that Haieff is still evolving a vocabulary of his own. Leo Smit was as good a soloist as one could imagine for the sharply accented piano writing, and there was nothing but virtue in the orchestral performance.

Midway in the program Stokowski was presented with this year's award of the Alice M. Ditson Memorial Fund, which paid eloquent tribute to the conductor's "adventurousness" and his services to American music. The two performances more than validated the words of praise.

* * *

Among the delights of "The Man in the White Suit," in which Alec Guinness is currently cheering audiences far and wide, is a sound track as diverting in its special way as anything since Arthur Honegger's work for "Pygmalion." In addition to the sounds appropriate for a stupendous invention which pops, wheezes, sighs, and exults in a rhythmic frenzy of creation, it has more than a few authentically musical passages which contribute measurably to the effects of the fantasy.

Roger Goeb—"new sounds."

The honor for devising this audible equivalent of the 99 per cent perspiration held to be inherent in genius goes to Alexander MacKendrick, who happens to be the director of the film as well. Benjamin Frankel, who wrote the score, is doubtless to be credited with integrating the machine noises into his musical patterns, finishing off with an eight-to-the-bar boogie-woogie treatment that serves as trailer. It has the rare effect of reprising the mood of the comedy as the audience walks out.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Fact

By Ralph Gordon

THE FACT, the fact, the atomic, the compact,
Which God in overalls must once have hacked
From the bed-rock, when His projected house
Still lay as builder's stone, exactly stacked.

How should we wonder at the mathematic mouse
Who nibbled his cheese in squares! How strange if Strauss
Had made rhomboidal waltzes! if ducks quacked
Conical quacks at quadrilateral grouse!

Yet we shall have stranger wonders apodictic
Stated to us in terms succinct and cryptic.
Facts melt through walls as yogis fathom-eyed,
Dragging the soul from its divine ecliptic.
God grant, not long now, we shall wind with pride
Our hearts like watches ticking at our side.

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(*Continued from page 21*)

illness from marital causes, becomes, not just another nervous, nymphomaniac divorcee, but an intensely, successfully integrated personality, who, on the natural level, redeemed a shipwrecked marriage, and, on the supernatural level, became a canonized saint.

Not so Cornelia Connelly. A lovely, radiantly happy young wife and mother, she gallantly and gladly agrees with her Episcopalian minister husband to join the Catholic Church, although it means the loss of his livelihood. In perfect humility and self-abnegation, she acquiesces when he, declaring he has a vocation to the priesthood, removes her two eldest children, and sends her into a convent for which she feels she has no vocation. When Pierce Connelly storms out of the Church, dragging his children behind him, sueing his wife in Chancery for restitution of conjugal rights, she abides in agony by her vows, faces the total abandonment, the scandal, the loss of her children here and hereafter, and can smile and charm her novices still. Miss Kaye-Smith concludes that she became a saint because she had to: religion, that mended Catherine of Genoa's marriage, marred Cornelia Connelly's; one human life was broken, and one bound up, by the love that chose them both. And both paid all: "for the saints, there is no lower price." Miss Kaye-Smith is wryly sympathetic to the fathers, sons, brothers, and husbands of female saints: theirs is a very tough row to hoe, and she accords them an understanding too often denied.

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Zoltán Haraszti—"valuable service."

Two Europeans, sixteenth-century Caterina Fiesca Adorna and nineteenth-century Teresa Martin; two Americans, seventeenth-century Rose of Lima and nineteenth-century Cornelia Connelly, of Philadelphia; two aristocrats, Catherine and Rose; two bourgeoises, Cornelia and Teresa; there adding to four gifted, exceptional women, attractive at our level. What God gave them of natural and supernatural powers, graces of prayer, powers of healing, visions, trances, is not so important for us as what they made of what they were given. Any one of the four could have folded her talents in their white napkin, and, at the accounting, returned gifts intact to the Giver. But then these stories would not have been written, for there would have been nothing and no one to write about.

Knotty President

JOHN ADAMS AND THE PROPHETS OF PROGRESS. By Zoltán Haraszti. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 362 *pp.* $5.

By William Peden

JOHN ADAMS, like his fellow philosopher-statesmen Franklin and Jefferson, possessed a "canine appetite" for reading; during his long and busy lifetime he collected a library of some 3,000 volumes. Approximately a hundred of these books—most of them in the fields of law, government, history, and philosophy—contain spirited marginal comments by Adams himself. These comments, together with a series of excellent introductory and linking essays by Zoltán Haraszti, Keeper of Rare Books at the Boston Public Library, constitute the present volume.

Of all his books, Adams read most diligently and commented most profusely on the works of the eighteenth-century English and French philosophers: Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" and "Nature of Human Knowledge," Rousseau's "Discourse on Equality" and "Social Contract," Turgot's essay on the American constitution, Condorcet's "Progress of the Human Mind," Mary Wollstonecraft's "French Revolution," and similar studies. His marginal comments are, in effect, a vigorous, often violent, series of dialogues between Adams and the author he happened to be reading; his notes on Bolingbroke, for example, run to 12,000 words. Such comments reveal Adams the man and political thinker more dramatically than do his more formal excursions into the realm of political philosophy and theory, such as the "Defense of the Constitution of the United States" or the "Discourses on Davilla." They compose, moreover, as Mr. Haraszti points out, the first extended critique of the doctrine of progress by an American.

Above all else, the skeptical Adams feared a system of government based on the theory of the natural goodness of man which was so clear to the *philosophes*. In direct opposition to their belief in natural equality, he developed a theory of natural inequality. The real world, he contended, always has been, and ever will be governed by the existence of an "eternal aristocracy among men." With justice, Adams could declare that he was a "mortal and irreconcilable enemy to monarchism" yet at the same time believe, with Bolingbroke, that if absolute monarchy is tyranny, absolute democracy is "tyranny and anarchy both." He advocated, therefore, a system of checks and balances, a two-assembly government dominated by a strong but benevolent chief executive. "Men must search their own hearts," he wrote in the pages of Mary Wollstonecraft's "French Revolution," "and confess the emulation that is there: and provide checks for it. The gentlemen must be compelled to agree. They never will from reason and free will. Nothing short of an independent power above them . . . ever can keep them within bounds."

It was inevitable that Adams be a bitter critic of the *philosophes* and revolutionary events in France. He regarded Turgot, for example, as the most dangerous opponent of sound government, and believed that nothing but bloodshed and chaos could result from Turgot's unicameral-government concept. He branded as nonsensical Condorcet's hopes for the elimination of inequality ("Fool! Fool!" is his marginal comment here). He condemned David Hume as a "learned idiot" and labeled Frederick the Great a "superficial dogmatist." Yet he could give praise where praise was due. His frequent praise of the French ("The French character in arts, science, and arms is . . . unjustly . . . undervalued in England") or his admiration for the virtues of even his adversaries ("these three great and good men . . . Turgot, Condorcet, and De la Rochefoucauld") prove Adams to be a more liberal thinker than many historians have allowed.

William Peden is associate professor of English at the University of Missouri. He is co-author of "The Selected Writings of John Adams and John Quincy Adams."

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Frozen Polymath

RUSSIA'S LOMONOSOV. By Boris N. Menshutkin. Translated by Jeannette Eyre Thal and Edward J. Webster. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 208 *pp.* $4.

By Ernest J. Simmons

THIS book, another excellent addition to the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies, is described in the original as the "definitive" biography of Mikail Vasilyevich Lomonosov. It is the work of the distinguished Russian scientist and authority on Lomonosov, Boris N. Menshutkin. As a matter of fact the book is neither "definitive" nor—in the exact sense of the genre—a "biography" of Lomonosov. The biographical substance is a skeletonized background against which Menshutkin portrays the extraordinary scientific activity of Lomonosov. This account of the experiments of Lomonosov and of his various scientific theories is easily the fullest available and constitutes the major contribution of the work. But the definitive biography of Lomonosov—a rich, fascinating, and endlessly human subject—is still to be written.

Although relatively little has been known about Lomonosov outside of Russia, he was truly one of the greatest scientific figures of the eighteenth century. Granted that the scope of scientific knowledge in that early period was limited, yet Lomonosov's grasp of the total field was remarkable. He did extensive experiments and theorizing in physics, chemistry, mathematics, electricity, metallurgy, meteorology, astronomy, geography, geology, and navigation. And in nearly every one of these fields he has left behind him the indisputable traces of a highly original and wonderfully perceptive scientific mind. Mr. Menshutkin has analyzed with care Lomonosov's contributions in the conservation of matter and energy, atomic structure, the volume of gases, the calcination of metals, the nature of light, and atmospheric electricity. As the first of the physical chemists Lomonosov fully perceived the necessity of a firm alliance of physics, chemistry, and mathematics. In many of his theories and conjectures he was a hundred years ahead of his time. No doubt the isolation of Russia and the fact that a number of Lomonosov's most important scientific manuscripts remained unpublished for years prevented his unique contributions from becoming more generally known.

Lomonosov's fame as a scientist, however, is no real measure of the extraordinary genius of this man. Like some medieval scholar he took all knowledge for his province. In the next century the great poet Pushkin justly wrote of him: "Combining unusual will power with an unusual power of comprehension, Lomonosov embraced all the branches of knowledge. The thirst for learning was the strongest passion of his passion-filled soul. Historian, rhetorician, mechanician, chemist, mineralogist, artist, poet—he scrutinized and fathomed everything. . . . He himself was our first university."

In truth, Lomonosov's universal scope in sciences and the arts reminds one of Goethe. The concentration of Menshutkin's book on Lomonosov's scientific accomplishments left little space for the treatment of his other significant activities. Lomonosov's fame as one of the first great modern poets of Russia is justly celebrated; he also wrote tragedies; he wrote the first Russian grammar; his treatise on the rules of Russian versification set the pattern for quantitative verse as against the syllabic.

In his ceaseless labors Lomonosov set up the first Russian glass factory, where he developed formulas for colored glass and created mosaics for his royal patrons. He formulated the plan for the establishment of Moscow University and also a set of rules for the operation of the Academy of Sciences. In the latter institution he remained for years its most distinguished teacher of science. Often he carried on his instruction under extreme difficulties created by his envious colleagues, unfeeling authorities, and by the rigors of the elements themselves. One report describes some of the hardships: "The teachers in winter give lectures while dressed in fur coats, moving back and forth in the classroom, but the students, not equipped with warm clothes, and not having the freedom to rise from their places, shiver, whereby arises an obstruction all through the body and then mange and scurvy set in. . . ."

With pride Russians today point to Lomonosov as one of the greatest contributors to human knowledge in the eighteenth century. Menshutkin's book justifies this pride and at the same time gives a faithful picture of a remarkable scientist and artist whose accomplishments have been altogether too little known outside of Russia.

Ernest J. Simmons is chairman of the department of Slavic languages and professor of Russian literature at the Russian Institute, Columbia University.

Is Certainty Secure?

ESSAY IN PHYSICS. By Herbert L. Samuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 178 *pp.* $3.

By Waldemar Kaempffert

EINSTEIN, Niels Bohr, Erwin Schroedinger, Louis de Broglie, the late Max Planck, Werner Heisenberg, and some others of equal rank, all Nobel Prize winners, have taken the cocksureness out of Victorian physics and shown that what we used to regard as common sense is simply a half-savage way of looking at the universe. "Forces" are abolished. Laws of nature are shown to be actually man-made—succinct formulations of statistical average. Gone is the old distinction between matter and energy, because one can be converted into the other. Instead of certainty we have a high degree of probability, so that the odds are multiquadrillions to one that what we call grass is what it seems to be. Cause and effect are just relics of animism.

When the physicists reached this outpost they became philosophers. The professional philosophers gag at much of the philosophy. For that matter even such men as Einstein are a little uncomfortable when they can no longer rely on cause and effect.

It is not astonishing, then, that Lord Samuel, who is both a liberal statesman and a philosopher of parts, should align himself in this well-written book with other philosophers. He does not reject the seemingly mad conclusions arrived at by mathematical physicists. Though he realizes that when we experiment and observe something we change it so that we never become intimately acquainted with it, he wants to preserve cause and effect and not regard it as a crude,

Waldemar Kaempffert is science editor of The New York Times.

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inaccurate way of thinking. He also pleads for more speculation, a plea which those will applaud who realize that physics has never been able to divorce itself entirely from metaphysics. Lord Samuel believes in the validity of experimentation. Though space-time is so welded in relativity that bodies are not only *somewhere* but *somewhen* in the universe, he rejects it because it cannot be observed. Lord Samuel goes on to recognize that the old-fashioned ether, which was supposed to pervade everything and to carry light, was similarly unobservable. Einstein showed that we can get along without it. Yet Lord Samuel wants some kind of an ether and gives us one of his own. It turns out to be energy in two states—quiescent and active. This reviewer, as a follower of Einstein and Heisenberg, sees no reason for going back to an ether of any kind. In these days of relativity there is no difference between matter and energy. There are simply many states of energy (or states of matter if we want to look at it that way). Physicists already talk of the "rest-mass" of an electron.

Nothing succeeds like success in life and in physics. It is because the space-time continuum explains what cannot be explained by Euclidean geometry (the motions of the planet Mercury, for example) that it has to be accepted. For all their success physicists know no more about reality than the rest of us. Somehow reality slips out of their equations, leaving them staring at Greek symbols.

Like many others Lord Samuel finds that physicists are not dealing with reality. But what is *reality*? Einstein points out that it is not "given to us." A chair is what is technically called a construct, in which there is a good deal of speculation based on intuition. The chair is as much a matter of what we want to believe as of something tangible. Mental constructs "stand in a relation of 'correspondence' with our sensations," Einstein points out. It is the business of physics to correlate our mental constructs with experience.

Neither Einstein nor Lord Samuel accepts the doctrine that physical reality can be described only in statistical terms or that there are only probabilities. Both would like to see relationships established between things rather than between probabilities. All of which comes down to saying that what happens in the universe is to Lord Samuel and Einstein not just a matter of chance. But if we reject the conclusions of the physicists who believe that chance rules, on what are we to rely? Einstein answers: "I put my trust in my intuition."

Imagination's Way

THE QUEST FOR UTOPIA. By Glenn Negley and J. Max Patrick. New York: Henry Schuman. 599 *pp.* $6.75.

By Robert Bierstedt

MANY are the men who, dissatisfied with the society in which they live, have sought to construct superior societies in their imagination. The writing of utopias, indeed, seems to have been a pervasive phenomenon throughout the course of Western history and it may be that there are even more imaginary societies than real ones. The definition of utopian literature, however, presents some difficulties. The authors of this book regard it as a distinct genre and maintain that (1) it must be fictional, (2) it must describe a particular society, and (3) it has to have as its major theme the political organization of that society. The first criterion distinguishes it from political philosophy, the second gives it relevance to an actual state of affairs, and the third distinguishes it from sheer fantasy of the comic-book and science-fiction variety.

With these criteria in mind the anthologists present their thirty-three utopias. It is a fascinating collection. With two exceptions they exclude those which, like Plato's and Edward Bellamy's, are readily available in reprint editions. Those which remain are divided into two large periods, from 1850 to 1950 and from 900 B.C. to 1850. In many cases, of course, they have had to excise drastically in order to keep the book within manageable proportions. The earlier writers include such figures as More, Hall, Campanella, Burton, Bacon, Harrington, Fénelon, and Mercier. Among the more recent we find selections from Ignatius Donnelly, John Macnie, Theodor Hertzka, William Stanley, Gabriel Tarde, H. G. Wells, and others. The final selection is an anoymous utopia written in 1947 by an ex-Marine pilot in World War II as an undergraduate in an American university.

One can find almost anything in these utopias. In two of them the location is underground, in one it is in Missouri; in another all men are authors and those who write bad books are condemned to wear masks over their faces; in another, "to the great benefit of the optic nerves and the lobes of the brain," there are no daily newspapers; in another the whole of human knowledge is condensed, after the manner of Mortimer J. Adler, into a few volumes; in another—a stratagem which solves many problems—the number of sexes is reduced to one; and in still another the children are marvelously silent at the table. But these are mere curiosities. The fundamental concern is always with the social structure.

Anthologies are sometimes suspect on scholarly grounds because it is so easy to collect and to publish the wit and wisdom of others. The indictment, however, does not apply to Negley, a professor of philosophy at Duke, and Patrick, an associate professor of English at Queens. They have performed here a signal service to scholarship. They supply, in addition to their selections, an astute analysis of the entire corpus of utopian literature. They are to be commended for offering to the sociologist and to the general reader alike a unique and intriguing volume. Their problem, and that of all of the utopian writers, is the basic problem of political philosophy and sociology —the relationship of the individual to his society.

Ideas & Studies Notes

PALEONTOLOGY AND MODERN BIOLOGY. By D. M. S. Watson. Yale University Press. $4. Professor David Meredith Seares Watson of the University of London has spent more than thirty years studying the remains of ancient fish, amphibians, and reptiles. This book, a revised version of lectures delivered at Yale before the war, is a formal and detailed account of some of his research. Although Professor Watson demands considerable technical knowledge of his readers, he has some interesting things to say about early work in the field. There is the story of Thomas Atthey, a grocer who lived in a village near Newcastle-on-Tyne during the 1870's. Atthey devoted his spare time to fossils which he bought from local coal miners and paid for in sugar and tea. The purchases ruined him financially, but provided material for a series of valuable papers that have been referred to by more sophisticated scientists ever since.

For example, the Newcastle shopkeeper preserved a skull, some vertebrae, and other bones of a strange creature known as Eogyrinus. Eogyrinus plays an important role in "Paleontology and Modern Biology." A large salamander-like animal, it is one of the pioneers that deserted the seas and floundered about on dry land before being replaced by higher forms. The author discusses research on such fossils to show how scientific deduction and logic can be used in piecing together clues to the past. Unfortunately, he plunges so deeply into details

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—*Man Ray, Paris.*
François Mauriac—"irritated veneration."

of fossil anatomy that his book will appeal most to those who will perhaps benefit by it least—Professor Watson's fellow paleontologists.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

THE INDEPENDENT MIND. By Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. $2.75. Corliss Lamont has collected here a number of his recent essays on various subjects. In the first section of the book he is discussing civil liberties and here, in support of the similar view recently expressed by Alexander Meiklejohn, he makes the excellent point that the Holmesian doctrine of "clear and present danger," which alone justifies an emergency curb on free speech, has been perverted into a different doctrine. The "clear and present," which to Brandeis and others meant clear and *imminent*, has now come to mean clear and *probable*.

The subject, however, is only one of many which engage his attention. We find in addition nine essays on various aspects of religious humanism, of which Mr. Lamont is a leading spokesman; six on international relations, in which he pleads for common sense in our relations with Soviet Russia; six recounting impressions of Europe in 1950 and including an interview with Santayana in Rome; and six concluding essays—fragments, rather—on miscellaneous matters. One wishes that Mr. Lamont, who is always worth listening to, would refrain from treating so many disparate subjects in the same book and, as he has done before, devote a larger volume to some of the more important ones. Crank letters and columnists, the removal of an underwater obstacle from a Martha's Vineyard beach, and the beauties of the Hudson Palisades hardly rank in importance with international relations, civil liberties, and cosmology.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK. By François Mauriac. Philosophical Library. $2.75. François Mauriac, two of whose novels, "The Weakling" and "The Enemy," have recently been published in this country, collects in this small volume some of the pieces on religion he wrote for *La Table Ronde* in 1948. One can only imagine what the reaction to these articles was in France; here, if the book receives any circulation at all, it will doubtless be extreme. For Mauriac, a devout Catholic, is bitterly attacking his own church. In a mood of "irritated veneration" and of humiliation he says that, if he had his life to live over again, he would take as many pains as possible to conceal his Christian faith.

The many aspects of current Catholic practice which arouse his indignation include the cult of Mary (although he accepts, of course, the dogma of the Assumption since "the Church cannot be wrong in a matter of faith"), the snobbery of some of the religious orders, the policy of the Vatican of exchanging ambassadors with the world which Christ denounced, the "superannuated apparatus" of guards and palaces, the general political activity of the Church, the audacity of priests and the passivity of their congregations, the view that outside the organized Church there is no salvation, the commercialization of the saints, the tours and pilgrimages demanded by the "pious Barnums" of the Church, a materialism worse than that which it is the Church's mission to combat, and, finally, the notion of holy orators that souls are saved from pulpits.

POETRY, RELIGION AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By George F. Thomas. The Elsevier Press. $2. This small book contains the Rockwell Lectures delivered at the Rice Institute in 1951. The author regrets the lack of emphasis upon the spirit in contemporary philosophy and attributes this neglect to several factors including the collapse of nineteenth-century idealism, the rise and growing success of the psychological and social sciences, the current preoccupation with political problems, and the pursuit of wealth. Underlying these factors, and contemporaneous with them, he finds a general decline of religious faith and an attenuation of moral conviction. What, then, is this spirit which requires resuscitation? Various conceptions of the spirit have been entertained in Western history, most notably the intellectual, the esthetic, the moral, and the religious. The first three, however, are limited and fragmentary; only the fourth can comprehend a genuine spiritual nature.

Poetry has much to contribute to the life of the spirit. Mr. Thomas rejects the view that science alone is the servant of truth and that poetry moves in a realm where truth is irrelevant. The poets too—and the author seems especially fond of Wordsworth—have something ultimate and important to convey. But only religion, a classical, theistic, humanistic religion, can fulfil the final purposes of the spirit. Although these are sermons rather than serious philosophical essays, they are admirably suited to the function of the Rockwell foundation, which is the promotion of religion.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

PROTESTANT PANORAMA. By Clarence W. Hall and Desider Holisher. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4. Protestant leaders in this country are often heard expressing their dissatisfaction with the state of religion in this country. This strongwilled book, which bears the sub-title "A Story in Text and Pictures of the Faith That Made America Free," should bring courage to faint-hearted Protestants and convince others that American Protestantism is a force to be reckoned with.

Most readers will be content to look at the pictures and read their captions —and they, in themselves, tell a graphic and impressive story, for the scores of pictures are well selected and with captions tell a vivid story. But the accompanying text is interesting and comprehensive in its coverage despite its brief compass. After introductory chapters on the historical background and peculiar genius of American Protestantism the book proceeds to show how Protestants worship together, in the varied forms of the several denominations, and the part taken in the work of the church by laymen, by its ten million women, and by its youth. Other chapters deal with the social service rendered by the churches, their educational programs, and their evangelistic and missionary work.

The theme of the book is that Protestantism's prime genius is freedom—freedom of conscience, freedom of grace, freedom of access to God, freedom of religion from authoritarian control. Many who come to America from various European countries are profoundly impressed by the vitality and influence of the church in America. This book confirms that impression. Make no mistake about it, Protestantism in America is a live and going concern.

—KENNETH D. MILLER.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

the time when the Nazi forces are effecting their occupation of that country. As this advances, the mood of the novels shifts from one of light hearted and quite engaging comedy to one of mounting distress, then of terror, and then finally to one of calm, mystic withdrawal.

Mr. Marnau's symbolism, religious and poetic, is a little too special, his characters a little too far out of this world, and the philosophy that emerges a little too close to quietism to satisfy this reader. But he writes a graceful prose and has a gift for gentle comedy and a light touch which contrasts rather oddly with the dark setting of his fable.

WHO WALK IN DARKNESS. By Chandler Brossard. New Directions. $1.75. Greenwich Village and the new bohemia of the 1950's is the setting for Mr. Brossard's sordid saga of a heel. Henry Porter is the heel. A man on the make, Henry is one of those writers who doesn't really write, who exploits his friends and acquaintances, gets his girl friend pregnant and avoids responsibility, and generally keeps his eye on the main chance. A man bound to succeed. Other characters include various nymphomaniacs, dipsomaniacs, "tea" smokers, and people with assorted forms of sexual aberration. Mr. Brossard has also included a couple of nice characters, nice but not square. These suffer.

The author has written this in an unemphatic style that has the flatness but not the force of Hemingway's very early prose. He reproduces "hipster" dialogue with accuracy, and occasional scenes of violence—particularly his prize-fight scenes—almost get off the ground. His failure lies in his inability to convince that any of the problems of the characters on which he has expended so much effort were worth writing about in the first place.

CHARLIE DELL. By Anderson Wayne. Coward-McCann. $3. If you have been waiting for a tough-boiled sex and murder melodrama in the James M. Cain tradition "Charlie Dell" may satisfy your needs. His story is told in the first person and can be set down in fewer words than the author employs. Charlie was an amiably average construction engineer, long married, childless, and with a nagging wife. Into his life comes his wife's luscious younger sister and before you know it Charlie's sex drives have got him tangled up not only with Lois, the sister, who produces an illegitimate child, but also with some pretty fancy baby switching, some complicated chicanery on his construction work, and finally with the murder of his wife and that baby. In the end he gets wrongly convicted of these murders. This, I gather, is regarded by the author as only just retribution for his other sins and anyway fits in with the motion-picture code. The whole thing is written in a style that can be called "punchy" and is sure to titillate those who enjoy the sex stories in the confession magazines. My favorite line was "God damn your soul to hell, Charlie Dell."

Frank Yerby—" bravery and cleverness."

THE SARACEN BLADE. By Frank Yerby. Dial. $3.50. By all odds the best Frank Yerby to date, this highly technicolored product deals with the time of the Crusades and the adventures of one Pietro di Donati. These latter are gorgeously florid and take Pietro not only through Italy, France, and Germany but also through the Near East, Jerusalem, and Cairo. At practically every stop in this grand tour Pietro distinguishes himself in true Yerby style by his bravery, cleverness, and ability to conquer insuperable odds. He, also in true Yerby style, finds at practically every stop a woman of unsurpassed beauty who promptly jumps into his bed. Sometimes she does this because she loves him, sometimes because she hates him, and sometimes, I suspect, just because Mr. Yerby told her to. In any event it provides another romp for all lovers of the Yerby prose, and it is set against a background that should make the producers of "Quo Vadis" livid with envy and start them shouting for their checkbooks.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT. By Otto Friedrich. Little, Brown. $3. The figure of the intellectual Jew having become a fixture of American war novels, it is not surprising to find this stock-in-trade character again in post-war fiction about army life abroad. Paul Stein, Mr. Friedrich's hero, a middle-aged press officer in the United States Government in Germany, is true to type; he comes from a lower-middle-class home and has got his education the hard way; he has been attached for years to a rather uninteresting girl; he is tortured by his own indecision, a brooding, frustrated, self-analyzing man, a voracious reader, so it seems, and a lover of music. Now he runs into a very young, attractive German woman who is drifting on the murky waters of the Germany of 1947. Paul's love for this tragically precocious, resentful, embittered, and yet not altogether corrupted girl, and the inner conflicts his feelings throw him into, represent what there is of a story in this wordy novel. Though in the end Paul is unable to live up to his initial affection for Magdalena Rilke—what an idea, incidentally, to give a heroine the name of "Rilke"!—his tortuous affair with her succeeds in estranging him from Ellen, the girl back home.

"You have seen Stein the tragic hero," so the author accosts his reader on the last page, "Stein the clown, Stein the sensitive Jew, Stein the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 464

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 464 will be found in the next issue.

CYTHGKM HC IHAG KWG FHX, ZGTGCCFXM KY NXGFKWG, NRK HZCROOHTHGZK KY IHDG YZ.

—VGYXVG CFZKFMFZF.

Answer to Crypt No. 463

Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

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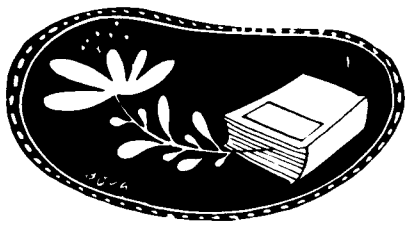
worker, Stein the crucified, Stein the male animal, and Stein the misfit." One reader wonders.

To be frank, this young novelist abuses his undeniable talent. His writing is pretentious—in the mannerisms of his style, in the mixture of story-telling techniques he adopts and adapts, as well as in the sagacities of his inner monologues and their *recherché* highbrow references.

AT THE DEVIL'S BOOTH. By Erwin Lessner. Doubleday. $5. This novel comes rather late in the day—being the story of an aristocratic Austrian newspaper publisher and soldier who in March 1938 refuses to surrender to Hitler. That courageous decision takes Baron Hossmann from his native Vienna to Prague, from Nazi-occupied Prague to Norway, from Norway to the battlefields of Finland, from there to Sweden and back again to a Norway that meanwhile has fallen to the Germans, and finally via Russia to this country. This, then, is the story



of one man's fight against both victorious Nazism and its appeasement.

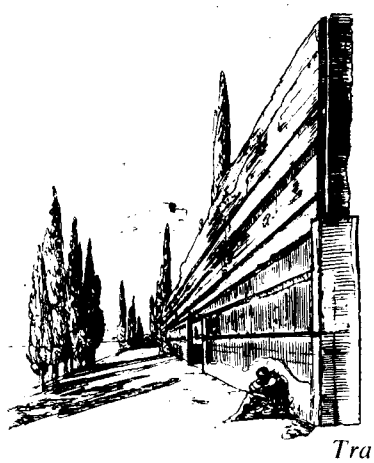
There is no dearth of drama in this mammoth book; and there is a profusion of detail Mr. Lessner's editor might have done well to thin out considerably. However, it is obvious that this author writes straight from his heart—we are informed of the autobiographical elements in his work—and that, of course, also accounts for its fervid tone. The uncompromising high-mindedness of his hero, his outspokenness whatever the dangers, provides Mr. Lessner with an articulate mouthpiece; and that, I suppose, is what he has aimed at. In one section, his book rises above the run-of-the-mill anti-Nazi story—that is, in his account of the Finnish war and its political background. Considering the paucity of information on that subject, that should make this novel interesting even to those who wish to forget Hitler. This book, then, will serve its purpose as a vivid reminder of horrors lived through by uncounted men, and as a warning against threatening new horrors. In fact, a certain amount of skillful telescoping which the author employs in describing his protagonist's experiences in the Soviet Russia of 1940 point in the latter direction.

—ANTHONY GREEN.

How America's foremost critics have welcomed this literary masterpiece . . .

1 KATHERINE ANNE PORTER:

"With a true sense and love of the grand, the tragic, the beautiful... she views Rome from the sixth century, the thirteenth, the eighteenth, and day before yesterday." *N.Y. Times Book Review*



ROME AND A VILLA

Travel notes through time and history, by

ELEANOR CLARK

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

AROUND THE WORLD ON FOUR TIRES

WE are in receipt of a recent visit from Dr. Franco Nacci, of Palermo, Sicily, whom we invited to call because he is just completing a trip around the world by car. He turned out to be a short and solid Italian with thin hair and thick glasses. His hands were strong, and the lines in them were etched with the grime that becomes a man who can tinker with a crankcase. On his wrist, looking uncomfortable and as embarassed as a Groton graduate in a grease pit, was a magnificent Rolex watch. "They gave it to me as I passed Switzerland," Dr. Nacci told us. "Was first present."

Nacci subsequently rolled through France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Burma, Siam, Malaya, Indonesia, Philippines, Hawaii, and San Francisco. He left Italy on March 15, 1951, and has been rolling eastward ever since in a Fiat sedan (was no gift). His purposes turned out to be several fold. For one thing he publishes a svelte monthly magazine called *Italia Mondo*, printed in both Italian and English and intended, as the name insists, for Italians all over the world. He has been busy as all get-out putting in new correspondents and boosting the bejeebers out of circulation.

The official weekly magazine of the Italian Automobile Association signed him for a series of weekly reports. "Always late," he said of his stories. "I must make myself driver, mechanic, photographer, movie cameraman, cook, tailor, and ambassador, giving messages to all mayors I meet on way."

He writes on a portable Olivetti. "You can say 'Olivetti'," he told us, and we agreed to. We looked at a sample Nacci despatch in print on slick Sunday supplement paper. "Miami—" it began. "A Miami Florida abbiamo fatto l'atteso incontro con un vecchio e sempre fedele amico: l'Oceano Atlantico." This, Nacci assured us, meant, in the jargon of the sentimental travel writer, "We make the long-awaited meeting with an old friend—the Atlantic Ocean."

In addition Nacci also keeps the Olivetti jumping for some five other papers for whom he has been chronicling his experiences driving a car around the world. His endeavor has also been aided by the governmental tourist office of Sicily, a global thinking society which is anxious to have the world's citizens flock to its happy isle. It was on Sicily's behalf that he dispensed messages to mayors.

Central Asia's 6,000 miles of desert proved Nacci's greatest barrier. "I had to pass one month with temperature of 130 degrees, compelling me to drive mostly at nighttime," he told us. We asked him about eating and he said once he went four days without eating at all. He worried more about water than food. "In one place, I wrote, if you held up glass of water you could see microbes playing water polo."

In south Iran quicksand all but swallowed his wheels and he worked sixteen hours alone to get himself out. Despite these harrowing developments his greatest shock awaited him in New York. It was the noise. "I have not heard such useless noise since I left Istambul," he said. A flying wedge of taxis that had been grounded at Forty-Sixth and Fifth bleated like unhappy goats, and he said, "See? If I be the mayor here in New York I would take out all horns of all taxis. That would improve nerves of all people."

Nacci's impedimenta included only a few spare parts, he confided. In 43,000 miles he had only three flat tires, one in Greece, one in Turkey, and one in Georgia, U. S. A. "Michelin tires," he told us "don't sell here so is no propaganda." His prime piece of equipment was a phonograph and a portable library of Italian records which he was fond of hauling out when things got lonely and the moon got big. There was such a night in the Middle East when he stopped to chat with some camel drivers who smoked opium in the silver light, discussed philosophy with him, while the Arabian night was split with the music of "Signorinella Mia." When there were no camel drivers to gossip with, Nacci had frequent long talks with the road, the car, and the sky, a rather brilliant conversationalist. "Just mental speaking," he added hastily.

Franco Nacci—"dollars and Italian records."

Nacci, who is forty, carried no medicine; never got sick. He also never parked in a garage, never took on a hitch-hiker, and never had anything stolen. He also never ran out of gas because he figured out his precise mileage each day and took along his own supply where he knew the pumps would be as sparse as palm trees in Boston. His Fiat did thirty-two miles to a gallon and the fastest he ever clocked on it was fifty-five miles an hour.

As for documents, a "Carnet de Passage en Douane" got him past every border in the world except the United States, where he was required to post a bond of $125. He carried all his money in dollars which he admits was a rash but necessary system. "When you're in the Middle East, you can't go looking for banks to cash checks."

Nacci thinks his trip was the first official tour by motor car, and is sure, at any rate, that it is the first circuit by one man traveling alone. Before sailing on the *Conte Biancomano* on August 9 he is off on a short tour of the Eastern seaboard giving away Sicilian good cheer and perhaps collecting a present or two. He will be at Indianapolis for the annual auto races on Memorial Day, and will have a look at the plants in Detroit. Next year he is off on a ten-month swing of nations bordering the Atlantic, a rather large order that includes Sweden, South Africa, and Brazil, to mention a fragment of the itinerary.

Of all his presents Nacci looks back with most pleasure on the tiger skin given him by Pandit Nehru at the town hall in New Delhi. There was also the day in Benares when he gave the snake charmer five rupees for posing for the photograph which ap-

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Dr. Nacci's Fiat, charmers, and cobras—"Today I have a present for you."

pears here. Next day the man was back. "Yesterday you gave me five rupees," the Indian told him, "today I have a present for you. It is a cobra." Nacci forced a smile. "It is a dead cobra?" he asked without much assurance. "It is a live cobra," the Indian replied with much assurance. When the gift bearer left, Nacci killed the cobra, had it stuffed and mounted. It waits for him now in his office in Palermo. —HORACE SUTTON.

Holiday with the Arts

CANADA'S Laurentians at any time have much to soothe the savage nerves, and this year, for the fourth season, the vacationer with irrepressibly lively wits will have six weeks in which to vary sunning and sports with more cultural pursuits. From July 7 to August 18, in a picturesque village fifty miles from Montreal, the Centre d'Art de Ste.-Adèle will conduct for townspeople and tourists bilingual classes in painting, music, singing, ceramics, sewing, drama, ballet, tapestry weaving, photography, and French. There are four courses for children and ten for adults, and the school attracts both single people and families. Previous training in any of the arts is neither prerequisite nor disqualifying, since instruction is individualized by a faculty comprised of the best artists and teachers of the French metropolis. Tuition, for example, for a one week's class of acting, pantomime, improvisation, rhythmics, and folk dancing is $8; for six weeks, only $40. French lessons, ballet, and art weaving cost the same, with music lessons and leather craft slightly higher.

Classes—subject to the students' preference—begin at 9:30 A.M. or 10:00, with some afternoon and evening sessions for those who just can't sit still. "It's a Utopian school—no disciplinarians," says Pauline Rochon, the school's founder and managing director. "French conversation classes are held daily. Everything else is three times a week, with a general forum on contemporary art and music Saturday morning. We have had men in every course except sewing." The latter is particularly good, Mlle. Rochon reports. "Many of the ladies from Ste.-Adèle make their chic cocktail dresses for the winter up there under the guidance of Mimi Guay, an outstanding Canadian modiste. They take advantage of having her there to fit their dresses for them."

Every Thursday night there are films and recordings, and every Friday night a concert is given in a local church or a play. "Some Menotti will be given this summer," says Mlle. Rochon, "and Molière—and whatever Americans study in school."

Within a four-square-mile radius of the school there are thirty-seven hotels and guests houses that can accommodate 600-800 guests. Room with board ranges from $30 a week to as much as you want to pay, says Mlle. Rochon. "Thirty-five dollars a week is a good average. In some of the small French-type hotels you can get a room with bath and very good meals at that price—but not many extras, you know. In homes you will not have a private bath, but you will get a lot of attention. The hotels start at $7.50 a day for room and board, but $10 and $11 a day is more average. Each one has its distinctive charm—a different atmosphere." Students are advised, as a matter of personal economy, to bring their own art materials.

"Everybody can do things in this line," she says. "I believe true sophistication is the ability to see and recognize the good things of life. I came to Ste.-Adèle six years ago as a tourist and I liked it so much I asked my dad if we couldn't live there at least a year. We found a little shop in this little village, and I guess I started the school in self-defense because I like art, concerts, exhibitions. . . . And that is how it grew. I had seen schools like this in Southern France and Mexico, and French Canada offers a different aspect of our culture. For three years I was considered very arty by the townspeople, but now maybe they think I am a human being. They are beginning to understand more and be more cooperative. But the school will keep its artistic standard regardless of its success." —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

MOVIE-GO-ROUND

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What happens to a film once it has been purchased for library circulation? In the following article Karline Brown, head of the Cincinnati Public Library's Film and Recordings Center, gives us an idea of the diversity of uses to which a single film is put in the course of a few months. Her library, serving the surrounding Hamilton County as well as Cincinnati proper, has over* 1,200 *registered groups borrowing its films, and nearly* 600 *home users. Its film collection currently totals* 589 *prints acquired since* 16mm. *circulation was begun in* 1948. *In addition to the actual lending of films, the library sponsors and co-sponsors special programs of its own, including regular Saturday showings for children at the Cincinnati Art Museum.*

—CECILE STARR.

ALMOST every ten- or twelve-year-old has created a literary school masterpiece on the travels of a penny, from its gleaming cradle days fresh from the mint through its varying peripatetic fortunes. In similar vein it might be revealing to follow the fate of three films, from their acquisition by our library through showings by varied groups.

At the Cincinnati Public Library we first evaluate 16mm. sound films, so-called "idea" films in particular, by calling in representatives of various community organizations to preview films of interest to them. If we decide to add the motion picture to our collection, the "experts" are already acquainted with it, can serve as discussion leaders, and to get it out into the community. The film becomes their baby; its future is usually assured.

"Children's Emotions," one of McGraw-Hill's Child Development Series (distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.), is therefore off to a flying start with the blessing of the evaluating child psychologists and psychiatrists, plus the parent-education and nursery-school specialists. Technically well tailored by Crawley Films and valid in content, the film probes with a light touch and with humor (that rarely found ingredient of the educational film) into childhood emotions of anger, fear, jealousy, curiosity, and just plain happiness.

"Children's Emotions" is on its way. Cincinnati Children's Hospital, the first group to borrow it, reports its suitability for nursing education. The chief psychiatrist of the same hospital makes use of the film for the psychiatric staff. The next borrower is the local chapter of the Red Cross, showing the film in its nursing course. The parent-teacher association of a county school books it, and the principal serves as discussion leader. Back at Children's Hospital for the practical nurse program, then to a university class in psychology, back again to the Red Cross and to Children's Hospital, and to a pre-school study group, "Children's Emotions" is favorably received, its high discussion potential emphasized in a number of different places and situations. There were especially interesting reactions when the film was used at a county-wide meeting for parents of nursery-school children and their teachers, at a training session for Girl Scout volunteer leaders, and at a Council meeting of PTA audio-visual and program chairmen.

A far cry from the anger and fear and curiosity in "Children's Emotions" is the delightful oddity "Begone, Dull Care," a Norman McLaren production for the National Film Board of Canada (available for rental and purchase from the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.). Mr. McLaren, an outstanding Canadian artist and experimenter, has made a number of films of this kind by painting directly on the film itself.

"BEGONE, Dull Care" gives visual interpretation to the jazz music of the Oscar Peterson Trio. Color, line, and forms shift rapidly, restlessly, constantly, sometimes giving way momentarily to recognizable shapes. The quickened pace slows down in a middle adagio section to more peaceful rhythms and their visual accompaniment. In our library's film collection "Begone, Dull Care" has had a happy life totally befitting its title. The film is in great demand. Reactions to the film are never equivocal. A high school music class calls it "fantastic, interesting." The Modern Art Society says, "Diverting, brilliant projection of abstract design." Art instructors associated with the Cincinnati Art Museum Children's Film Program: "The boys and girls who saw the film before classes seemed to draw and paint better than those viewing it after class." Camera club: "Unusual but good."

An artist who has borrowed "Begone, Dull Care" numerous times for home showings reports that his small informal groups find something new and exciting each time he screens the film. Another home audience made up of two children and three adults commented: "The music was good but the pictures were rather odd" (an interesting commentary, probably a child's on popular acceptance of the jazz background rather than of abstractionism in design). "Where did they get all those ideas? . . . Thoroughly ingenious, a treat to ear and eye." A less receptive group comments: "They must have spliced together some discarded film."

A very different kind of skilled artistry has created the great beauty and high drama of "Nanook of the North" (available for rental and long-term lease from Athena Films, 165 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.). The late Robert Flaherty produced the remarkable "Nanook" as his first film some twenty years ago, and it has gone down in motion picture history as the first important example of the documentary. Now available on 16mm. film, with the recent addition of a delightful musical score and commentary, this epic of the Eskimo *vs.* the elements has almost universal popularity.

In our collection "Nanook" is all things to all people, a constant joy to adult and child—and to the film librarian, since in this case popularity is justified by high quality. The film is in almost constant use, making its frosty way into such diverse Midwestern gatherings as university anthropology classes ("Superb!"); boy scout troops; church groups ("Excellent, very instructive. . . . A wonderful study of the human race"); parent-teacher associations; industrial concerns; a home for unmarried mothers; public, private, and parochial schools on all levels, and many borrowers for home showings. "Nanook" gets around.

The travels of these three films show that an interesting film can interest many different people. Public libraries with film collections are having satisfying pioneering experiences in film selection, program planning, film forums, in making new community associations for the library, and in providing much-needed recreation for the public—children as well as adults.

—KARLINE BROWN.

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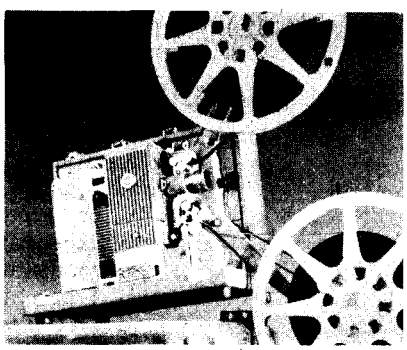

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OUT OF TRUE.

The story of "Out of True" is basically suspenseful and exciting. Jane Hylton's performance in the difficult leading role is about as fine a bit of acting as has ever been done in so dramatic a film. Philip Leacock has added an imaginative director's to... Much of the film is excelle... there is little that is no... done. The opening se... for example, give a ... portunous pictorial distinct... the world of dr... the world of reality, mak... possible for those in the ...ience who are little schooled in psychiatry to sense and suffer Molly's inability to distinguish between the two. These opening sequences alone should win the film applause for their remarkable conception and expert handling. There are many such excellent concepts in the film, many fine scenes and much praiseworthy dialogue. The exchange of words between Molly's husband and his mother on the subject of Molly's homecoming and the mother's departure are about as profound and direct as one could ever hope to hear.

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The Film Forum

FOR YOUNGSTERS

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

TONY LEARNS ABOUT FIRE. *Produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service for the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John St., New York 7, N. Y. (18 min., color.)*

From an incident of fire in a neighbor's home, young Tony starts a school-wide project on the study of fire and safety precautions at school and at home. Instructive and important for youngsters.

DUCK AND COVER. *Produced by Archer Productions, and distributed for purchase only by United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y. (10 min.)*

This film is designed to familiarize young children with the safety precautions of our civil defense program. It opens with an animation-song sequence showing how Bert the Turtle protects himself in an emergency. Then in live photography, the film continues to show children carrying out civil defense instructions in a variety of situations at school, home, and on the street. The film ends with Bert the Turtle and his safety song. In "Duck and Cover," the simple instructions are repeated many times and with as much natural optimism as the subject allows. Surely this is the best film of its kind yet produced for children; I should not hesitate to show it to any school child I know.

WILDLIFE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. *Produced and distributed, for rental and purchase, by the National Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Ave., New York 21, N. Y. (10 min., color.)*

A charming and simple nature film about the plant and animal life of this California mountain region, which should be an incentive to children, their parents, and teachers, for outdoor observation and enjoyment of the world around us.

THE GOOLIBAH TREE. *Produced and distributed by the Co-operative League, 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 4, Illinois. (20 min., color.)*

A fairly cheerful marionette film about the joys of sharing, with a theme song for the children to join in on.

LITTLE GREY NECK. *Distributed for purchase only by Official Films, Grand and Linden Aves., Ridgefield, New Jersey* (18 min., color.)*

An animated cartoon about a little duck that gets left behind and spends a perilous winter eluding the hungry fox, with the help of the owl, rabbit, and other woodland friends. Pictorially this is an exceptionally good film for children—and good cartoons are scarce—but the music is a bit raucous.

THE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN. *Produced by Artkino; distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (30 min., color.)*

A Russian-produced fairytale film about an old fisherman who caught a magic golden fish and whose wife nagged him to seek favors from the fish until finally she became queen of the land. And it doesn't stop there. The voices are in English, easy to understand except for the fisherman's wife who speaks shrilly and piercingly. Animation is less nervous than our typical cartoon, more realistic and "photographic" than we are accustomed to.

STONE FLOWER. *Produced by Artkino; distributed by Brandon Films, (85 min., color.)*

This Russian film has won world-wide praise and a first prize at the Cannes Film Festival for its brilliant color photography, much of which takes place in a fairyland cave of jewels. The earlier part of the film, the outdoor woods scenes are, for by money, the biggest attraction.

SCROOGE. *Produced by Julius Hagen-Twickenham. Distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (85 min.)*

This film, made in England quite a number of years ago, answers many needs for children's programs in school and out. Following the text of Dickens's story and mood, it is about as good as any dramatic version I've seen or heard—and gives a fine picture of life in England a hundred years ago. Needless to add, "Scrooge" will be just the thing for the Christmas season film show.

THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE. *Produced by Jiri Trnka. Distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (90 min., color.)*

Best things last! Based on the Hans Christian Andersen tale of the same name, this is just about the most engaging puppet film ever made. Jiri Trnka directed the film and created the puppet characters; the English commentary is by Phyllis McGinley, and is spoken by Boris Karloff in his most unsinister voice. Delightful, charming to listen to and look at, well suited to adults as well as children—though it is obviously a bit long for the tiniest tots.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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NEW EDITIONS

"THE Later D. H. Lawrence" (Knopf, $5), edited by William York Tindall, with a general introduction and prefatory notes to the several sections, contains representative work of Lawrence's last lustrum, some of it not readily available of late—"St. Mawr," "Sun," "The Woman Who Rode Away," "The Man Who Died," five "Assorted Articles," much of "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine," and six sketches from "Mornings in Mexico." Lawrence tells us that when Ford Madox Hueffer read the manuscript of "The White Peacock," he exclaimed: "It's got every fault that the English novel can have." "But," shouted Hueffer immediately afterwards, "you've got GENIUS." Both faults and genius are no less conspicuous in this passionate, driven author's last stories than in his first novel. Obsessed by his symbols, he distorts what most of us think of as reality, and often proudly refuses to have any shabby dealings with probability. Seeking to draw strength from a pre-rational, elemental life, and from his own subconscious depths, he is moved by the very act of seeking to speak with the eloquence of a prophet; but sometimes he is mastered by, rather than master of, his own incantatory prose. "St. Mawr" is a perfect example of his ability to begin, brilliantly, something that he did not know how to finish: the magnificent stallion, the magnificent symbol, fades out of the tale, to the ruin of the story as a whole. Here, surely, artistic self-discipline was lacking. Lawrence's amazing descriptive powers enjoy full expression in "Mornings in Mexico," but when he lets himself go in describing preparations for the ritual execution of "The Lady Who Rode Away," he comes perilously close to writing a scene that recalls certain scenes by H. Rider Haggard. Too often his taste betrays his genius. Mr. Tindall says soundly that Lawrence's art, even at the last, was still experimental, still developing, that "it never attains static perfection—and maybe that is its virtue." Ernest A. Baker has declared, no less soundly: "His novels, dogmatic and assertive as they are on the objects of human effort, were investigations and inquiries rather than confident statements."

Speaking of Haggard, many middle-aged readers will welcome with reminiscent amusement Dover's "Five Adventure Novels of H. Rider Haggard" ($4.95). The yarns are "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quartermain," "Allan's Wife," and "Maiwa's Revenge." They are escapist nonsense, of course, but they are at least as high in the literary scale as are the so-called historical novels that have glutted the market in recent years. Incidentally, the prefatory note to "She," reproduced from old plates and mysteriously signed "H. H.," is, in the present edition, ludicrously out of place. It refers to the long-forgotten silent picture directed by Leander de Cordova and starred in by Miss Blythe.

Corliss Lamont's "Man Answers Death" (Philosophical Library, $4.50), introduced by Louis Untermeyer, contains more than 350 poems, centered around the philosophy of "Humanism, which looks upon death as the end of the individual conscious personality and which sets up the happiness and progress of mankind on this earth as the supreme goal of human life." Death is one of the two themes on which poets have always been most eloquent; and much eloquence is here. This revised edition includes a new section, composed of poems that answer "humanism" with affirmations of belief in personal survival. Notable is a moving poem by Ilya Ehrenburg.

Duschenes has imported two more attractive London Folio Society books: "The Newgate Calendar," edited by Sir Norman Birkett, with interesting contemporary engravings; and "The Sofa," by Crébillon Fils, translated by Bonamy Dobrée, with elegantly naughty etchings by Bonfils ($3.75 each). This edition of the "Calendar" contains some thirty cases, including famous ones. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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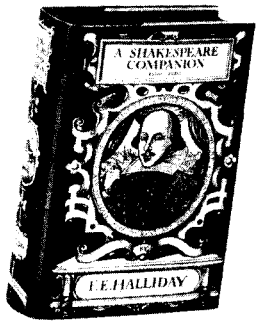

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WHEN MAJORS WROTE

(*Continued from page 11*)

have finished high school? It is a comment—and not wholly a derogatory one—that our most famous philosophers, Franklin, Emerson, William James, are all read by the young.

It was in these mid-century years that two women were writing books that were to be wept over and laughed over for a century to come. There was Harriet Beecher Stowe burning with zeal for freedom, and writing away at "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a book whose centenary (like that of "The Wonder Book") comes this year. "Uncle Tom" was not designed for children, not at all; it was designed to stir up the parents. But within a short time the children took it over, and it is they who have read it ever since, children who knew virtue and vice when they saw it, no nonsense about it, and who took Little Eva to their hearts, and Topsy and poor Uncle Tom.

Along with Mrs. Stowe was young Louisa May Alcott, the spinster who never really understood children, and who wrote perhaps the greatest child's book to come out of the New World. The children loved "Little Women" from the beginning, and have never ceased to love it, to read it, and reread it. None of the sequels was quite as good, not "Little Men" or "Eight Cousins" or "Jo's Boys," good as they were. "Little Women" belongs by itself; it is a classic in the sense that "Andersen's Fairy Tales" are a classic, or "Robinson Crusoe." They have gone all over the world, these little women of Concord, Amy and Beth and Meg and Jo; their story has been translated into every language. They have gone into the hearts of children everywhere, giving them a feeling for America that nothing else gives in the same way. Can the Voice of America do as well, can any of our contemporary authors do as well?

Well perhaps not. Perhaps it is Tom, after all, and his friend Huck who are our best ambassadors. For now comes the greatest of them all, the writer who has disturbed so many critics because he is not more adult, or because he is neurotic, or because he did not achieve his full potentialities, or for other reasons, but who has never disturbed the children who read him uncritically and joyfully. It is an impressive thing that so many Americans should think that "Huckleberry Finn" is the great American novel. What other people, what non-English people, would ever single out a children's book as the great national novel? Can you imagine the Germans doing it, or the French or the Italians? The English might, to be sure, if they went in for things like the Great English Novel, which they do not. They might say that "Gulliver" and "Esmond" and "Kidnapped" and "Kim" and "Lord Jim" were not so bad, who knows? But we make no bones about it. Our Great Novel is for most of us "Huckleberry Finn," and if not then it is "Moby-Dick" or "Little Women."

And, of course, it was not only Tom and Huck Finn; there were half a dozen other books that have nourished the spirits and delighted the hearts of the young ever since—"The Prince and the Pauper," for example, or "A Connecticut Yankee," with their simple humanitarianism and morality which are perhaps not so simple after all, or the exciting "Life on the Mississippi" that stirs the American imagination like the story of Ulysses or of Roland, so distant does it all seem now, and so romantic.

And who was it who aided and abetted Mark Twain in all this, and wrote an account of him as tender as anything that one writer ever wrote about another? Who but the Dean of American Letters? A formidable title, this, and William Dean Howells was in a way a formidable figure—editor of the great *Atlantic*, and then of *Harper's Easy Chair*, author of thirty or forty novels and as many plays and a dozen books of criticism and another dozen of travel, and sponsor of realism, of modernism, of all sorts of isms. Put him in France or Germany or Denmark and what would you have? A Hippolyte Taine, perhaps, or a Jacob Burkhardt, or a Georg Brandes; imagine any of these magisterial critics bothering about children, much less writing books for them. But Howells did. It is not only that children everywhere can read "Silas Lapham" for pleasure, and do. Howells wrote directly for the young, and about them. Is there a more charming picture of boyhood in American literature than "A Boy's Town"?

And so it goes, all through the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth. No need to recall Bret Harte, or the local colorists who were, most of them, children's writers as well. No need to list the historical novelists, Winston Churchill and Mary Johnston and S. Weir Mitchell and the others. Everyone could read "The Crossing" and "The Crisis," everyone still can for that matter; everyone could read "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," with those lovely Pyle illustrations, or "To Have and to Hold" or "The Long Roll" and "Cease Fire," still in some ways the best of the Civil War novels. And no need to celebrate those writers whose audience was never quite clear, not even to themselves, and who belong impartially to juvenile literature and to literature with a capital L——; Frank R. Stockton, for example, or Jack London, or all Joel Chandler Harris, whose Uncle Remus stories are known the world over.

Meantime, with the encouragement and under the stimulus of the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*, the best children's magazines in the world, there developed a large and flourishing group of writers for children, until in the end this was the one literary field where Americans could claim preeminence, or at least dispute it with the English. Some of them are forgotten, now, but not all, not Kate Douglas Wiggin, for example, or Frances Hogdson Burnett, who gave us both "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sarah Crewe"; not Howard Pyle, who wrote almost as well as he painted; or Palmer Cox, of "Brownie" fame; or Charles Carryl, whose 'Davy and the Goblin" is still something of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAMO MURDERS *Juanita Sheridan* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Old taboo raises hob on Hawaiian plantation; trio of footloose ladies explore links in death chain.	Superabundant local color and plethora of atmosphere tend to allay gooseflesh possibilities.	So-so
THE CHASE *Richard G. Hubler* (Coward-McCann: $3)	Cal. newsgal trails big story, gets into big jam involving deaths retail and wholesale.	Cosmic implications of yarn swallowed up in heavily-needled suspense and quantities of overwriting.	Tries too hard

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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a classic; not Grace McGowan Cooke, who was as good in her way as Joel Chandler Harris; or Lucretia Hale, of "Peterkin" fame; or Mary Mapes Dodge herself, whose true monument is not "Hans Brinker" but *St. Nicholas*. Nor are the "series" wholly forgotten, those series so dear to the hearts of American children, the Little Colonel, for example, or the Oz books, or the Five Little Peppers.

What a wealth of stories in our literature about the school and the playing field. The type had been set, once and for all, by "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and it is interesting to note that this was about a private school. Not only the English but American stories fell into that pattern. Not always, to be sure; the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* are crowded with stories of grade and high school: Noah Brook's "Fairport Nine," for instance. But the great chronicler of school life, Ralph Henry Barbour, chose to write about private schools. How odd, and yet how natural it always seemed. For just as in America we have civilianized the military and secularized the theological and Americanized the Continental, so we have democratized privilege. The Hillsides and Fairtops and Yardleys and all the other schools of the Barbour books didn't really seem like private schools. And the hero was always a little democrat: his mother sometimes took in wash to keep him there, or so it seemed. And the pattern of these dearly beloved school stories was always the same. It was always the substitute who came in in the ninth and swatted out a home run, or who dashed in with five minutes to play and intercepted a forward pass. It was always the honorable player who won out over the sneak and the poor boy over the rich, and the boy with school spirit over those who derided school spirit. It is a pattern which Margaret Mead has laboriously reconstructed, and which the Barbour heroes, and readers, knew instinctively.

This enthusiasm for the school and the playground seems a bit naive, and perhaps it is. Yet compare, or contrast, the juvenile literature of France or Germany. There is very little school literature here, for school is a very serious affair, a preparation for life and for a profession, and only the brightest boys, after all, go on to the *lycée* or the *gymnasium*.

The literary concern for children persisted into the new century. "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets" was not written for children, but the "Whilomville Stories" were. Young people could read "The Octopus" with profit if not with pleasure, and could read

The Guilt Edged Record
DUTTON'S OWN GUIDE TO DETECTIVE FICTION

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NO HEAD FOR HER PILLOW *Sam S. Taylor* $2.50	Slot-machine racketeers in a California town, an art dealer who deals out murder, and Neal Cotton, private eye.	By the author of *Sleep No More*. Unusual love affair between sleuth and a "king sized dame with a mass of sunset hair."	Superior
STRANGE RETURN *A. B. Cunningham* $2.50	It takes all of the ingenuity of Jess Roden to discover the murderer of a corpse found in a torrential flood.	One of Roden's toughest cases.	Colorful characters, unusual plot
THE ARM OF MRS. EGAN And Other Strange Stories *William Fryer Harvey* $2.50	Sixteen shivery tales of preternatural forces, twisted intelligences, and the subconscious mind.	The best tales by a master of the uncanny—the author of *The Beast With Five Fingers.*	Blood-curdling
DEATH AND LITTLE BROTHER *Clifford Knight* $2.50	Panic at Lake Tahoe when a suspected murderer arrives for a vacation—and sudden death follows soon after.	The best and most original book by the author of *The Dark Road* and *The Yellow Cat.*	Terrific
DON'T CRY FOR ME *William Campbell Gault* $2.50	The fabulous fantastic things that happen when Pete Worden finds a friend murdered in his apartment.	Characters so real and vivid — they might be your neighbors or friends.	Grade-A excitement
WE ALL KILLED GRANDMA *Fredric Brown* $2.50	He couldn't remember his name, or what he was doing in the room — with that old lady lying dead at his feet.	Unique and startling *tour de force* by the popular author of *The Far Cry, Death Has Many Doors.*	WOW!

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much of Jack London with pleasure if not always with profit. The new realists were not too realistic for boys and girls. Hamlin Garland, for example, whose "Son of the Middle Border" was one of the magic books of its time; or Owen Wister, who celebrated the cowboy in that "Virginian" which Theodore Roosevelt thought so improper. Tarkington may well be remembered for "Penrod" and "Seventeen" when we no longer read "The Magnificent Ambersons" or "Alice Adams" (both of them, really, about adolescents), good as they are. Edgar Lee Masters was dour enough in "Spoon River," but he wrote boy's stories as well; William Allen White is at his best in "The Court of Boyville," and the loveliest thing he ever wrote was his tribute to Mary.

What explains this remarkable record, this preoccupation with children, their interests and their world, this readiness to deal with them as equals? The explanation is not primarily literary, but economic and social and philosophical. Richly endowed by nature, Americans have always been in a position to pamper and indulge their children, to release them from much of the work which was taken for granted in less favored countries. Americans, almost alone among nations, can clearly afford not only the direct costs of universal education but the hidden costs of leisure for potential workers. As we provide schools that look like cathedrals, so we provide school libraries, and a rich fare of children's books; as we expect children to be educated and enlightened, we address our books to them.

CLOSELY connected with this ability to indulge children, and to educate them, was the conviction that children were important in themselves, and that childhood was its own justification. The English had something of this, and the Scandinavians and perhaps the Swiss, but it is not a Continental attitude. Americans have never believed that childhood was merely a preparation for life, that children should be trained to work at fourteen or to enter a particular profession at twenty, or to go into the army. They have been content to take childhood on its own terms. Long before John Dewey formulated the principle, they acted on the assumption that childhood was not a preparation for life, but life itself, that it has its own interests that were as valid as the interests of the adult world. In simple and homely ways this attitude persists—and never fails to startle visitors from overseas who do not understand why American parents so habitually yield their own interests, peace, privacy, and convenience to their young.

There has always been a philosophical principle behind this; it is not necessarily a conscious or self-conscious one. From the beginning, Americans have lived in the future and for the future; for them the best was always yet to be. This was true of individuals—after all, the movement to the New World was a vote of confidence in the future; it was true of society as a whole which was always making ambitious plans for glittering futures. But this is merely another way of saying that more than most people, Americans live in and for their children. The little country town may be dismal and shabby, but in twenty years, or thirty, it will surely be a great metropolis! The newcomer may make but little impression on his new world, but what is to prevent his children from conquering it, from going to the White House even? As Americans have seen in every barefoot boy a future president or corporation executive, they have lived in their children, worked for them, and indulged them.

THERE is a further philosophical consideration that is relevant here. That principle of equality which Tocqueville saw as pervasive and persistent, affected the position of children and the character of children's literature as well. Even English juvenile literature is class-conscious, but not American. Stories are written for children of all classes—or simply for children. If a Veblen would detect class consciousness in *St. Nicholas*, or a less astute critic in Ralph Henry Barbour or in Martha Finley's Elsie stories, all this was for the most part unconscious, and made little impact on the American psychology. Not only did the principle of equality create an immensely broad and uniform audience; it worked in another direction as well. It worked to blur if not wholly to eliminate the differences between the sexes. Just as Americans early accorded a high position to woman, and later placed them upon such a pinnacle as they do not occupy elsewhere, so they wiped out the differences between stories for boys and stories for girls. Note how even English juvenile literature addresses itself mostly to boys, the self-conscious literature, that is. But there is no preferential treatment in this country.

It is a long and splendid tradition, this tradition of writing for children. Now it seems to have ended. We still boast a fine galaxy of writers for children—Dorothy Canfield, Cornelia Meigs, the late Rachel Field, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Stephen Meador, John Tunis, Elizabeth Enright, Armstrong Sperry, to mention only a few who come to mind. But there are children's writers, and they have no competition from those who write for the parents. For the first time in over a century the line between juvenile and adult literature is sharp. For the first time the major writers do not address themselves to the young. Do we give our children Fitzgerald, or Dos Passos, or Hemingway, or Faulkner? Do we send them to the latest historical romance, happy in the knowledge that they will imbibe both history and literature, and perhaps morality as well? Do we look hopefully to the younger men, Bowles, perhaps, or Mailer or Truman Capote or Tennessee Williams? Not if we want to avoid the charge of contributing to juvenile delinquency.

This is not a criticism of the writers. They are, after all, a part of their society. They are part of a society that has substituted the comics and television for *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. They are part of a society that builds expensive houses without nurseries or playrooms or attics. They are part of a society that thinks two cars a sign of a high standard of living, but not six children. They are part of a society that spends billions on automobile roads but nothing on bicycle paths. They are part of a society that has ceased to care for children in the special way that its predecessors cared for children.

Never before have children been as pampered as they are now in America. Never have they been provided with better schools, with larger libraries, wtih more elaborate playgrounds, or devices and techniques of recreation. But it is not enough that we assure our children good schools. It is not enough that we provide them with substitutes for the countryside or the village. It is not enough that we give them every gadget that inventors can think of or advertisers sell. These may starve rather than feed the mind and the imagination. More and more we are treating children like a rich man incapable of love might treat his wife—trying to fob off on them material things in place of the vital things that they have a right to. We treat them as a thing apart, as something to be spoiled perhaps, and this is not really treating them with dignity. It is essential that we return to childhood what belongs to it, return to it simplicity and independence, privacy and imagination. A society that produces *St. Nicholas* and "Little Women" and "Tom Sawyer" is healthier and richer than a society that produces, for its children, comics and television.

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Guide to Books for Young People

EDITED BY MARY GOULD DAVIS

THE *New York Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival awards will not be announced until after this issue goes to press, but we are deeply interested in the decisions that the six judges will make. We hope that every child, every parent, and every teacher who can spare the time will go to the Metropolitan Museum to see the exhibit. There is beauty and originality in the picture books, fun for the whole family in the folk tales from French Canada, excellent adventure stories and biographies for the older boys and girls.

The members of the Boys' Clubs of America who announced their favorite books last month may still be proud of their good taste. Their medals this year go to books of lasting value. The Boys' Club medals represent a completely spontaneous choice made by the ultimate readers of books for boys and girls. The committee only narrows the children's choice down to the winners. It is interesting that, although only boys voted, one of the certificates went to a book that has a girl as its leading character. Girls have always read boys books. Boys seldom indorse a girl's book. It was the horse in Fairfax Browney's "Free and Easy" that won them.

While the people of New York flock to the Museum to see the spring books, this reviewer will be down in West Virginia talking about them to a rural audience, and showing as many of them as we can transport to Jackson's Mill.

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Picture Books

LOOKING - FOR - SOMETHING. By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Leo Politi. New York: The Viking Press. 55 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of this little burro in Ecuador is illustrated with some of the most appealing pictures in color that Leo Politi has drawn. Lovely background drawings of the banana country, the mountain roads, and jungles are all centered in the humorous, lovable figure of Gray Burro. We do not know just exactly what Leo Politi does to make his donkeys so lifelike and so appealing. No one can meet Gray Burro and follow his journey without loving him. The story is told in a prose that is almost poetry, singing words repeated in a pattern that will especially please very little boys and girls. Gray Burro's search is ended when he finds a little boy struggling along the road under a huge burden of corn-stalks. This is his master. Looking-for-Something has found what he was looking for.

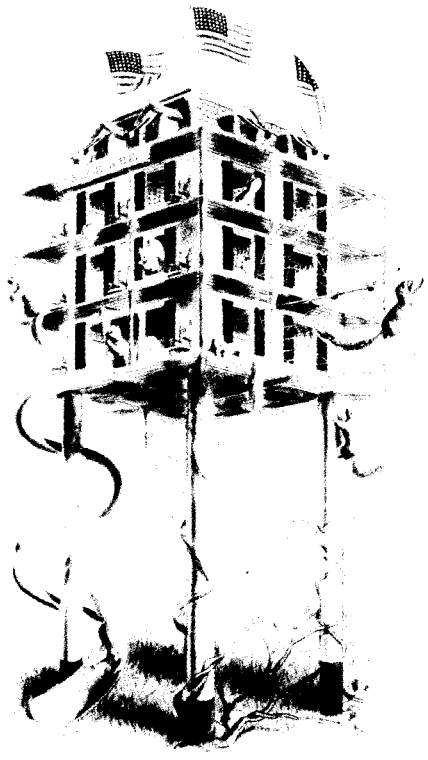
We know of no picture book that gives little children the feeling of one of the South American countries with such color and realism. Both text and pictures are exceptionally good.

SQUIRREL HOTEL. Written and Illustrated by William Pène Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 48 *pp.* $2.

A series of exquisite drawings and a title page that will satisfy the soul of the most severe art critic illustrate this quaint tale of an old man in Central Park and the hotel that he built for the squirrels there. His first accomplishment was a little portable theatre in which bees played a tune on tiny bells. To bring the bees to the bells he used a sweet-scented rose. To repell them he used a white cotton glove "delicately perfumed with kerosene." This strange old man had once owned a toy shop. It was there that he found the materials for Squirrel Hotel. He built it somewhere in Central Park, but we never know just where. The teller of the tale never finds it although he searches for weeks. And yet, out of the old man's story he has drawn it for this book—a full-page drawing of a little building that reminds us of the famous old hotels at Saratoga, with wide verandas, big windows, and a roof on which three American flags wave in the breeze. It is this picture that the children will turn to; but the story has something to say to grownups as well as to the children. Their favorite drawing will be the one of the Swiss clown in Paris, Crock, who played on the smallest violin in the world.

ONE MORNING IN MAINE. By Robert McCloskey. New York: The Viking Press. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

The same island off the Maine coast that was the background for the meeting of Sal and the bear cub ("Blueberries for Sal") is the scene of this beautiful picture book. The endpapers with their cool greens and blues and the white gulls flying express the very essence of the New England coast. The dark blue ink that is used throughout the book is exactly the color to convey the feel of Maine—the rocks and the pine trees, the shore line and the water. It is right, too, for the interior scenes when the family is getting up and having breakfast. Looking at the breakfast scene we wonder how Sal can bear to turn her back on that enchanting view through the screen door! When the outboard motor fails Sal's father is obliged to row his two small daughters across to the mainland. His expression when the motor fails to start is as funny as the expression on the face of Homer Price when he is struggling with a gadget. The drawing of the village with its church and garage on the little hill above the harbor is typical of so many of the coast villages. Mr. Condon, the storekeeper, and his friends may be found in almost any small store in the State of Maine. As we follow the story of Sal and her lost tooth we feel as refreshed as though we had spent a day with them on their island. Beauty and humor and the integrity of an artist who is always close to the thing that he dramatizes make this one of the outstanding picture books of this year—and perhaps of many years.



—By William Pène du Bois for "Squirrel Hotel."

THE THEATRE CAT. By Noel Streatfield. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 31 *pp.* $1.25.

This impossible and amusing tale about Pinkie is a book for grown-up collectors as well as for the children. Pinkie was a theatre cat who disgraced herself by being afraid of mice and redeemed herself by teaching a young, substitute ballet dancer the intricacies of her steps. Selected as one of the fifty books of the year by the Graphic Arts committee, it is charming in format, and Susanne Suba's drawings, in color, of Pinkie make her irresistible. Noel Streatfield is, of course, the author of the popular "Shoes" books for boys and girls.

THE STABLE THAT STAYED. Story by Josephine Balfour Payne. Pictures by Jean Balfour Payne. New York: Ariel Books (Pellegrini & Cudahy). No paging. $2.

At first the stable was part of an estate that was always kept in perfect order. Not even a mouse dared to come into the stable or an owl to nest in the eaves. Then the family moved to the city and the stable was left alone. Field mice and bats and owls moved into the stable, a stray cat with four kittens, a friendly, lonely dog. It was the home of many animals when the artist, his wife, and three children arrived. They loved the animals. The stable knew that at last it had become a home. The pictures that illustrate generously this pleasant story are printed in sepia and a warm red-brown. They are very attractive drawings—strong, realistic, and graceful in design. The one of the weather vane on the stable, standing sturdily against the wind with the brown leaves blowing about it, is particularly effective.

BIRTHDAY OF OBASH. Story and Pictures by Audrey Chalmers. New York: The Viking Press. 56 *pp.* $2.

We are having some unusual animals for the heroes of the picture books this spring. Last month there was Gwendolyn, the giraffe. This month it is Obash, the hippopotamus. Obash lived in a zoo with his mother. When his first birthday came around no

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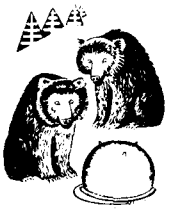
SMALL-TROT

by Françoise

Small-Trot, a French mouse, supports her family by joining a travelling circus. A sprightly tale, illustrated in full color by the author of the prize-winning *Jeanne-Marie Counts Her Sheep.* Ages 4-6. *$2.00*



THE BEARS ON HEMLOCK MOUNTAIN

By Alice Dalgliesh. Jonathan tries to convince himself that the bears on Hemlock Mountain don't exist, but has a lively adventure with them. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Ages 5-8. *$2.00*

THREE BOYS AND THE REMARKABLE COW

By Nan Hayden Agle and Ellen Wilson. An unusual cow brings fame and fortune to the popular triplets, Abercrombie, Benjamin and Christopher. An easy-to-read story illustrated by Marian Honigman. Ages 5-8. *$2.00*

PETE'S HOME RUN

By Marion Renick. An easy-to-read story for boys and girls just beginning to swing their first baseball bats. Pictures in two colors by Pru Herric. Ages 6-9. *$2.00*

Spring Books from Scribners

THE CLEAN PIG

by Leonard Weisgard

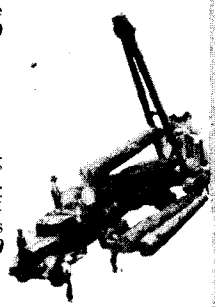
The clean pig, by his shining example, rehabilitates a broken-down, sooty farm. Amusing pictures, and a pig with real personality. Ages 4-7. *$2.00*

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BECKY'S BOARDING HOUSE

A Brownie Scout Story. By Eleanor Thomas. In this sequel to *Becky and Tatters,* Becky keeps a boarding house—for animals. Gertrude Howe's illustrations are most attractive. Ages 7-10 *$2.00*



GIFTS FROM THE FOREST

By Gertrude Wallace Wall. The lumbering industry—from tree to finished product. Boys will especially enjoy the close-ups of logging operations. Magnificent photographs by John Calvin Towsley. Ages 8-12. *$2.50*

PEPPER

By Barbara Leonard Reynolds. A family takes a mischievous raccoon as a pet, with hilarious results. Fun, excellent writing, and pictures by Barbara Cooney. Ages 8-11. *$2.00*

TWO AND THE TOWN

By Henry Gregor Felsen. The poignant story of a boy and girl who, at seventeen, become the parents of a child. A mature, thoughtful novel for young adults. *$2.50*

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one celebrated it and it made Obash mad. So he ran away. He wanted *someone* to help him celebrate his birthday, but everyone whom he approached was frightened to death of him until he met the Frizzlewit family who were having a picnic on a very attractive hillside. They were not at all frightened of Obash. When they found that it was his birthday they proceeded to plan and carry out a suitable party for him, complete with birthday cake and one candle. After the party they escorted Obash back to the zoo and were rewarded with a new house for the family and a job for Mr. Frizzlewit as assistant keeper. The drawings of Obash are very, very funny.

THE MERRY MILLER. Story by Rosalys Hall. Pictures by Kurt Werth. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a gay, funny story from France about a young miller who, when he came to take possession of his mill, found that the wife of the former miller was so fat that she could not get out of the living quarters of the mill. There she cooked and ate delectable food—and there she stayed. All the inhabitants of the little French village, including the ducks, pigs, hens, and dogs, attacked the problem in a series of incidents that mount to a climax when the young miller decides to marry Madame Puvret and keep her in the mill where she will cook for him her delectable meals. Original, humorous drawings in black and white and in color accent the humor and vitality of the story. The artist, Kurt Werth, was born in Leipzig and has illustrated various classics for adults.

Books for Younger Boys & Girls

RONNIE. By Lester Rowntree. Illustrated by Don Perceval. New York: The Viking Press. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

We are told that the story of Ronnie is by a distinguished botanist. Certainly the forest background of northern California is described vividly and in great detail. One longs to see it, to share the beauty of its trees and shrubs and wild flowers. Ronnie himself is an exceptionally well-drawn character. Sturdy and dependable, he carries his share of the work of Aunt Sal's little cabin, using effectively the knowledge of woodcraft that Shotdick, his half-Mexican, half-Indian friend passes on to him. But Ronnie was lonely. When Mr. Thompson and his two boys came up the mountain to camp out for their holiday he found what he had unconsciously been seeking—a family. Because he knew how to camp, how to "boss" the pack-mules, how to protect himself and his companions Ronnie became so popular with the Thompson boys that Mr. Thompson asked him to go back with them to Carmel and spend the winter there. When spring came, Ronnie had to decide whether to stay with the family or go back to the mountain and to Aunt Sal.

LADYCAKE FARM. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Clotilde Embree Funk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 128 *pp.* $2.25.

In her new story Mabel Leigh Hunt has succeeded in introducing the race-prejudice theme without the slightest trace of self-consciousness. The Freeds are Negroes—Big Joe, his wife, Little Joe, and the two younger girls. Big Joe and his wife save enough to buy a small farm in a district where most of the people are white. The description of putting the little town house on rollers and moving it by slow stages to the farm sparkles with the gaiety and good humor of the Freed family. Before they even reach the farm we like and admire all of them. Big Joe was hard-working and ambitious. Little Joe tried to be, in every way, like his father. Mrs. Joe is perhaps the best of the family. Wise, gentle, intuitive, she solved their problems before the children realized there was anything to solve. She carefully saved enough money to buy a dictionary and, every night, she read a page of it to the family, encouraging them to use the unfamiliar words. Mrs. Joe had a poet's appreciation of the beauty and value of words. The Freeds had some hard times, but they succeeded. They were good neighbors and good citizens. Black and white drawings of gaiety and vitality illustrate this fine story.

BOY OF THE PYRAMIDS. By Ruth Fosdick Jones. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse. New York: Random House. 140 *pp.* $2.50.

The *Jack and Jill* prize for the best story submitted to that magazine was awarded to this tale of ancient Egypt. It is for the younger boys and girls, and the story was suggested by a picture on the wall of an Egyptian tomb. Kaffe was the son of a prosperous farmer who lived not far from the town of Memphis on the Nile. He and Sari, the little slave girl whom Kaffe bought with his own "copper rings," helped to uncover the mystery of a theft from the tomb of the Pharaoh's father. It is a good story, told against the background of an Egyptian household with the details that make the family sympathetic and interesting to modern children. It is illustrated with well-designed, appealing black and white drawings.

THE TALKING CAT AND OTHER STORIES OF FRENCH CANADA. Retold by Nathalie Savage Carlson. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Harper & Bros. 87 *pp.* $2.

These stories were told by Michel Meloche, the great, great uncle of Nathalie Carlson. They bring delightfully to life a little village in French Canada and its people. We meet them first in the story where a bold skunk creeps into Tante Odette's outdoor

—By Aubrey Chalmers from "Birthday of Obash."

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New MORROW JUNIOR BOOKS

Ages 12 up

Jeb Ellis of Candlemas Bay

by RUTH MOORE

This shorter version of Ruth Moore's magnificent novel, *Candlemas Bay,* makes young Jeb the central figure. "Strong in the background of the Maine coast, it is an excellent story for older boys and girls." —*Saturday Review.* Illus. by William N. Wilson. $2.50

The Big Stretch

by DUANE DECKER

This is the story of how Stretch, the former bat boy and now the new first baseman, makes his teammates believe in him. Rich in inside baseball lore, it is a welcome addition to the Blue Sox saga. By the author of *Fast Man on a Pivot,* etc. $2.50

Champlain of the St. Lawrence

by RONALD SYME

"Good adventure reading for boys . . . a worthy companion to this author's *Bay of the North* and *Cortes of Mexico.*" — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illus. by William Stobbs. $2.50

Captive of the Mountains

by ARTHUR D. STAPP

An adventure story of the Pacific Northwest, by an experienced mountaineer, who "catches exceedingly well the feel of the mountain country — its majesty, wildness, and treachery." — A. L. A. *Booklist.* $2.50

Betsy's Napoleon

by JEANETTE EATON

This true story of Betsy Balcombe's friendship with Napoleon on the island of St. Helena is back in print again. A May selection of the Catholic Children's Book Club. By the author of *Gandhi,* etc. $3.00

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At Camp Lenape Jim secretly wondered how anyone could be interested in Steve's strange hobby. But it was Steve's knowledge of minerals that led the boys to the discovery of valuable uraninite in Copperhead Hollow. $2.00

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Illustrated by William Moyers • A noted Western author's tribute to the perserverance of our younger generation — how two boys face the rugged experiences in a mine in the mountains to earn their college tuition. *Ages 10-14* *$2.50*

THE ROOKIE FROM JUNCTION FLATS

BY JOE WEBSTER

Illustrated by C. L. Hartman • He was the most awkward player on any field — this St. Louis Brown rookie from Arkansas. Children will laugh at him, weep for him, and share his excitement at being a part of a big league ball club. Something different in baseball books for older boys. *$2.50*

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—By Roger Duvoisin for "The Talking Cat."

oven, posing a problem that it takes the entire village to solve. Then we can hear about Madame Roberge and her hen—a story that shows the shrewdness, the wit, and the gullibility of a French peasant woman. Uncle Michel tells two ghost stories that will be particularly good to bring to a Hallowe'en Story Hour. In fact, this book is made for storytellers. It has humor, atmosphere, and clearly drawn characters. Roger Duvoisin's drawings are an integral part of it. They, too, have humor and atmosphere.

KNAVE-GO-BY. By C. Fox Smith. Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. New York: Oxford University Press. 187 *pp.* $2.

This is an English adventure story of a boy who was wrecked on the Cornish coast in the early years of the nineteenth century. He loses his memory and goes through a series of adventures until he is discovered by the lawyer who has charge of his grandfather's estate and identified. The illustrations are so badly reproduced that it is rather difficult to judge their value.

PEANUTS FOR BILLY BEN. Written and Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 128 *pp.* $2.

WE LIVE IN THE SOUTH. The same.

As the first two volumes in a new series by this author-illustrator, called Roundabout America, these books will be welcomed by a wide audience. After the Newbery Medal "Strawberry Girl," "Judy's Journey," and many other regional stories which

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were for slightly older readers, these new books live up to expectations. They are sympathetic, simple stories which spotlight typical conditions in different sections of our country.

As its title indicates, the story about Billy Ben concerns peanut growing. In a simple text and many illustrations the sights and sounds, joys and hardships of life on a share-crop plantation in Virginia come alive.

"We live in the South" pictures four localities. The first story tells of a "poor white" family in the piney woods of what is perhaps Mississippi. Each story is located on a hand-drawn map. Poignantly appealing is the second story of a little Negro girl with heart trouble who lives in South Carolina or Georgia, very poor but sheltered by family love and loyalty. Then come the problems of the little son of Louisiana fisherfolk. A brief episode in a slightly more prosperous home in a Florida orange plantation completes the quartette.

We keep referring to these stories in pictorial terms because the direct narrative and the many drawings by the author create the feeling that the reader has actually shared the life that she describes.

—CORNELIA ERNST ZAGAT.

THE TUGBOAT MYSTERY. By Mary Adrian. Illustrated by William Moyers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 123 *pp.* $2.

Librarians and booksellers will testify that there is just as devoted a following for children's mystery stories as there is for the adult "who-done-its." Indeed there is a real need for fairly easy, well-written stories that will satisfy this group. This book is a not altogether successful attempt to provide such fare.

Two nine year old boys with the help of a younger sister succeed in proving that a favorite uncle who works on a tugboat is not responsible for an accident which might have cost him his life. To tell a story that relates mainly to the doings of grown-ups in terms that are simple enough for the younger boys and girls is a difficult assignment. In this case, the characters have little individuality, the color of waterfront tugboat life does not register, and the writing has the stilted sound of a school reader. —CORNELIA ERNST ZAGAT.

CRAZY CASTLE. By David Severn. Illustrated by J. Kiddell-Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 179 *pp.* $2.

In the tradition of Arthur Ransome's stories about enterprising Eng-

Random House

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Boy of the Pyramids

By **RUTH FOSDICK JONES.** "A first-rate adventure tale of two children, an Egyptian lad and his girl slave and playmate, who help solve a mystery and bring a criminal to conviction."—*Virginia Kirkus.* Winner of the *Jack and Jill Magazine* prize contest. Illustrated by DOROTHY BAYLEY MORSE. A Junior Literary Guild Selection.

Ages 9 to 12, $2.50

Old Rosie

THE HORSE NOBODY UNDERSTOOD

By **LILIAN MOORE** and **LEONE ADELSON.** Especially written for third-graders to read to themselves. "The story provides action and adventure integrated with excitement and thrills. Studies have shown that these ingredients appeal to children."—*J. Wayne Wrightstone, Director of Educational Research, New York City Board of Education.* Illustrated by LEONARD SHORTALL. A Junior Literary Guild Selection. *$2.00*

The Golden Trail

By **MARGERY EVERNDEN.** A colorful and authentic story about young Ramon Morales, who traveled from Mexico with the famous expedition that founded the city of San Francisco in 1776. "Fills a definite gap. Recommended."—*Library Journal.* Illustrated by LYND WARD.

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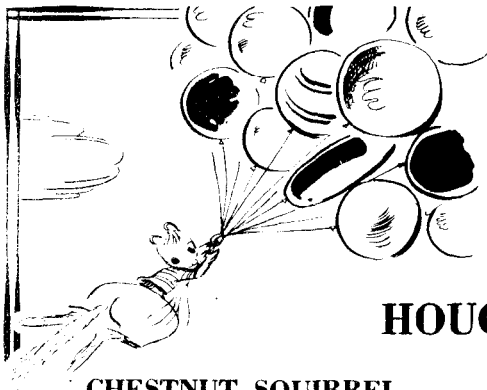

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By **Henry Steele Commager.** Illustrations by Lisl Weil. Chestnut is a completely engaging young squirrel whether he is looking for trouble or getting out of it. Lisl Weil adds to the fun. Ages 6-10. $2.00.

ONE KITTEN TOO MANY

By **Bianca Bradbury.** Pictures by Marie C. Nichols. Tabby, a Siamese kitten, gives a badly needed lesson in manners to a tiger Kitten who tries to take over the kitchen. Ages 3-8. $1.50.

THE TUGBOAT MYSTERY

By **Mary Adrian.** Illustrated by William Moyers. Tom stows away aboard a tugboat and manages to solve the mystery that almost cost his uncle his job. Ages 7-10. $2.00.

THE TROJAN WAR

By **Olivia E. Coolidge.** Illustrated by Edouard Sandoz. A vivid retelling of the war between the Trojans and the Greeks, the heroes who fought it, the gods who looked on. Exciting and fresh. Ages 12 up. $3.00.

JIM BRIDGER

By **Shannon Garst.** Illustrated by William Moyers. An illiterate blacksmith apprentice became one of the greatest scouts of the west after a career as fur trapper, Indian fighter, and trader. Ages 12 up. $2.75.

LOVE ME, LOVE ME NOT

By **Phyllis A. Whitney.** Illustrated by Arline K. Thomson. Sue wanted a husband and a home but until they materialized she needed a job. In a test kitchen she finally found a place for her talents. Ages 12 up. $2.75.

MAUI'S SUMMER

Story and Pictures by **Arnold Edwin Bare.** Maui's wishes come true when an American family takes him on a trip through his home islands of Hawaii and he earns a sailboat. Handsome three color pictures and valuable material on Hawaii. Ages 4-8. $2.50.

BERNARD AND HIS DOGS

By **Claire Huchet Bishop.** Illustrated by Maurice Brevannes. A handsomely illustrated story of St. Bernard, the son of a nobleman who gave up his riches to become a monk and founder of the famous hospice in the Alps. All ages. $2.00.

DELAYED STEAL

By **Frank Waldman.** Illustrated by Vincent Sullivan. Billy Tyler came up to the big leagues despite the opposition of his father, manager of the New York Yankees. Real ball playing and authentic background. Ages 12 up. $2.00.

SIDNEY HILLMAN

By **Jean Gould.** A really unusual book — the biography of a labor leader who fled czarist tyranny and came to America, fought the sweat shops and became a great leader in the welfare of working men and women. Ages 12 up. $3.00.

MISTER STORMALONG

By **Anne Malcolmson** and **Dell J. McCormick.** Pictures by Joshua Tolford. The Paul Bunyan of the seas, skipper of the mighty Tuscarora, inventor of most modern seagoing equipment, hero of seafarers everywhere, comes to life in a wonderfully salty book. Ages 8-12. $2.25.

lish children and their adventures, this mystery of a stolen pony is solved by four independent young people with the help of cooperative adults. The valiant spirit of the four as well as the spirited plot and the understanding of people and their motives will probably make this as popular in America as it is in England. There is information about how to disguise a horse that will appeal to young readers and, although grown-ups may wonder how gypsies get around enough to be villains in so

many English books for children, the children themselves find them satisfying.

The type of the book is smaller than our type for children's books, but boys and girls will probably not object to it.

—CORNELIA ERNST ZAGAT.

JOHN'S JOURNEY. By Grace Allen Hogarth. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 214 pp. $2.50.

Mrs. Hogarth, the American mother of two English children whom she brought to this country to spend a summer vacation with their grandmother, writes this story as a sequel to "Lucy's League" which described the family's methods of raising funds for the trip. The details in the crossing as tourist passengers on the *Queen Elizabeth* and in the train trip to Hyannis on Cape Cod and the happy holiday life there are convincing. Boys and girls will enjoy the differences in speech and custom which the English children noticed. Unfortunately, a slight mystery is brought in that, with rather unconvincing dialogue, is contrived to bolster the plot. Without it, however, the story would be what the children call a "travel book."

Nora Unwin's line drawings have caught the atmosphere of the children and of the American background.

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Books for Older Boys & Girls

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN. By René Prud'hommeaux. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: The Viking Press. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

This new mystery story by the author of "The Sunken Forest" brings in Steve Larrup, the hero of the earlier book. It tells of Dave Brant who supposedly inherits an estate called the Port of Missing Men on the Connecticut coast. A pair of criminals try to take over the estate as a "hide-out" for their confederates. The original owner pretends to be dead, but appears in opportune moment to Steve and Dave and a young girl cousin of Dave's who is one of the chief characters in this pleasant tale. With the help of the family lawyer the criminals are ousted and rushed into the welcoming arms of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The end-papers map the Port of Missing Men and there are black and white illustrations.

SYBIL LUDDINGTON'S RIDE. Written and Illustrated by Erick Berry. New York: The Viking Press. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

Sybil Luddington lived in "York State" in the days of the Revolutionary War. Her father was a Colonel in the Continental Army and, while he was fighting, the family mill was silent. Sybil and her sister lived with Aunt Pheba in her cabin across the road. They were as busy as bees, working for Aunt Pheba, caring for the cows and oxen, training the colt, Star, who was full of mischief. But the colt had the right spirit. It was Star that carried Sybil on that wild night ride when she warned the farmers that the British were in Danbury, only fifteen miles away. Safely home again, Sybil gave Star a new name. "Not Star, not Brownie. We'll call him *Freedom,*" she whispered to Ricky.

This is a good story of a brave and high-spirited American girl. The black and white drawings by the author-artist are good, too.

THE KING'S BEARD. By Leonard Wibberly. Illustrated by Christine Price. New York: Ariel Books. 198 *pp.* $2.75.

The title of this fine story is culled from a remark of Queen Elizabeth when Drake dashed into the harbor of Cadiz to destroy part of the Span-

WONDER TALES OF HORSES AND HEROES

By Frances Carpenter. With 27 double-page-spread illustrations by William D. Hayes. Exciting and dramatic stories of horses in legend and folk tales, collected from all parts of the world by the author of *Tales of A Korean Grandmother.* A Junior Literary Guild Selection.
Ages 9-12 $3

CREEPING PERIL MYSTERY

By Alan Gregg. An enemy as mysterious and deadly as a Martian invader imperils the coast of lower California until Border Patrolman Reed Conroy and his fellow officers take over. Ages 12-16 $2.25

Let's Go to the Brook

Illustrated with photographs by the author. The creator of the well-known "Let's Go" books presents the story of a brook and the fascinating creatures which live in it and near it. A Junior Literary Guild Selection. Ages 6-9 $2.75

By HARRIET E. HUNTINGTON

TOMBOY ROW

By Ruth Langland Holberg. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Rowena Carey, that inimitable roly-poly ten-year-old whose antics constantly upset Rockport, earns a new name for herself in this lively story. A Junior Literary Guild Selection.
Ages 9-12 $2.50

LARRY'S LUCK

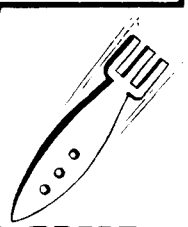
By Mary Urmston. Illustrated by Jean MacDonald Porter. Larry Scott's determination to play on the Elmhurst Junior Baseball Team brings unexpected results at the annual Field Day. By the author of *The Mystery of the Old Barn.* Ages 8-11 $2.50

LINCOLN'S LITTLE CORRESPONDENT

By Hertha Pauli. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. A charming and little known story of Lincoln and an eleven-year-old girl who suggested the beard that became world famous. For younger readers (and Lincoln collectors of *any* age). $2.50

REBEL DRUMS

By Nancy Faulkner. Illustrated by Lee Ames. The exciting adventures of Hugh Irvin, who served as a drummer boy in Bacon's Rebellion in colonial Virginia, and owed his life to the friendly Indian, Hawk Feather. Ages 12-14 $2.50



DAVID STARR: SPACE RANGER

By Paul French. Illustrated by Richard Powers. Fresh out of his training days, David Starr stood alone between the men of the Solar system and a slow strangulation of Earth because of the poisoning of food imports from Mars. $2.50

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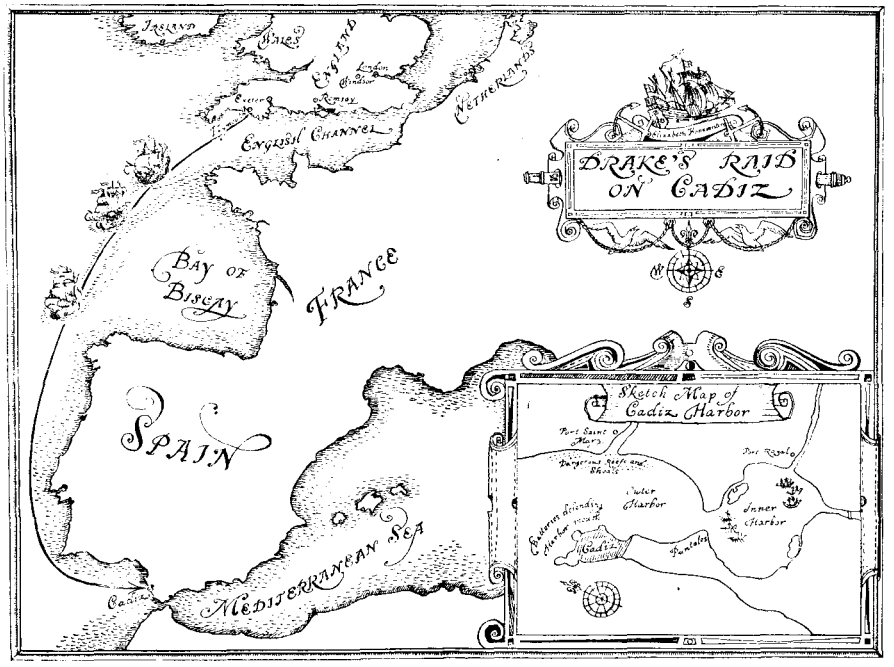

—End-paper from "The King's Beard."

ish Armada. "Nay, Cousin Francis," said the Queen to Drake, "thou has singed the King of Spain's beard." The setting of the story is Devonshire, London, Windsor, the ships of Drake's fleet, and the Spanish fortress of Matagorda. The hero is young John Forrester, the son of an English nobleman who has been captured by the Spanish, forced to slave in the galleys, and then confined in the fortress. A smuggled message is brought to John by an American Indian who, too, had been captured by the Spanish. The message warns the Queen that the Armada is being prepared to attack England, and Drake immediately sets sail for Cadiz. John and his friend, Roger, go with him. The battle in Cadiz harbor, the dramatic freeing of the galley slaves, the scenes in the fortress dungeon and in the underground torture chamber are "strong meat." The book is for the older boys and girls. It is an exceptionally well written, exciting story with a good historical background and convincing characters. It is illustrated with effective black and white drawings.

RIM-ROCKED. By E. D. Mygatt. Decorations by Peter B. Andrews. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a modern Western, where the cowboys ride in cars and planes and the prospectors pack geiger counters. But human nature is as usual and the cast is conventional: three Eastern schoolboys, an old prospector, crooks, sheriff, and a benign millionaire promoter. Dave, Stuart, and Ned had much to learn when they reached the Wyoming ranch, and among other things they discovered that the bank was about to foreclose the mortgage and throw lovable old Rocks McGinty out in the cold. No siree! Those three boys went into a huddle and came out fighting. What they did and how they did it makes a fairly exciting story for lower teenagers. The characters are well developed and there is considerable to be learned about that part of the country as it is today.

—Merritt P. Allen.

ELEPHANT TOAST. By T. Morris Longstreth. Illustrated by Heyman Fay, Jr. New York: Macmillan Co. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story of a boys' camp in the Maine woods, told by Keets, a youngster of fifteen. It was not just another camp for it had a ghost, a cook possessed of divine culinary skill, two unfriendly but fascinating neighbors, and an elephant that Keets bought at auction for five cents. How they all worked together, willingly and otherwise, to pull the camp and its mumps-ridden director out of the red is a tale that never lacks for ingenuity and rare forms of suspense. The humor is abundant and the characters are well developed. As relief from the endless stream of adventure and sports stories it is worth the price.

—Merritt P. Allen.

TRADERS NORTH. By Wilson MacArthur. Illustrated by William

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Stobbs. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Michael Winfield accepted an opportunity to go exploring. The year was 1667 and the expedition was the first one sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to establish a foothold in the far north fur company. They did it and the next year went back with the company's first governor and the makings of the great enterprise that would eventually bring all of Canada under British rule.

The factual background is excellent and there are such vivid historical characters as Pierre Radisson and Sieur des Groseilliers to work with and, too, there was the vast unexplored wilderness that was supposed to contain the Northwest Passage. Despite such a wealth of material, one has a feeling that the author did not make the most of its possibilities. A little more attention to the "feel" of the country, a bit of humor now and then and less overstarched conversation might be wished for. However, it is a sincere and authentic account of how the greatest of all fur companies came into being.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

MINING THE IRON MASK. By George Cory Franklin. Illustrated by William Moyers. New York: Ariel Books (Pellegrini & Cudahy). 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Any boy between the ages of ten and fifteen who is interested in mining will get much from this book. Some of it is almost too technical, but a glossary offsets that. Roy and Frank, two Colorado high school boys, set out to earn college money by working a pack train of burros carrying copper ore from the mine to the railroad. That supplies considerable excitement, but the boys soon get a chance to buy an abandoned mine and after that they go ahead in truly amazing manner. They have unbelievably good luck but they deserve it and no one can begrudge them their ultimate success. A good outdoor story that glorifies enterprise and honest hard work. —MERRITT P. ALLEN.

SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE. By Willard Price. Decorations by Peter Burchard. New York: The John Day Co. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

For youngsters who want one adventure after another with no pause for breath, here it is. Hal and Roger Hunt are sent to the South Pacific to collect specimens for a rich man's aquarium and also to report on a secret bed of pearl oysters that have been

HARCOURT, BRACE

Books for Boys and Girls

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By Eleanor Estes
NEWBERY MEDAL WINNER
$2.50

FINDERS KEEPERS
By Will and Nicolas
CALDECOTT MEDAL WINNER
$2.00

SPRING PUBLICATIONS

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By SALLY SCOTT. "A dog, a fire, excitement and laughter make a combination sure to please a wide age range; the large type, lively pictures and uncrowded pages will tempt even second graders to read this to themselves."—*Horn Book.* Illustrated by Beth Krush. Ages 6-10. $1.75

STEPSISTER SALLY

By HELEN F. DARINGER. "A delightful story for girls under twelve, with real family problems, lively school scenes, and true discernment as to the feelings of a growing girl."—LOUISE S. BECHTEL, *N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Illustrated by Garrett Price. Ages 8-12. $2.25

THE BUFFALO KNIFE

By WILLIAM O. STEELE. Andy travels by flatboat down the Tennessee River in 1782. "A story that is interesting from the introduction of its young hero to the end of the long, perilous journey . . . vividly described . . . warmed with humor and human relationships."—*Saturday Review.* Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Ages 8-12. $2.25

BEACH BOY

By JERROLD BEIM. "Writing in the carefree mood of summer vacation, Mr. Beim tells a light, easy story about two families and their season's acquaintances at an Atlantic Ocean resort."—IRENE SMITH, *N.Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated by Lillian Freedgood. Ages 8-12. $2.50

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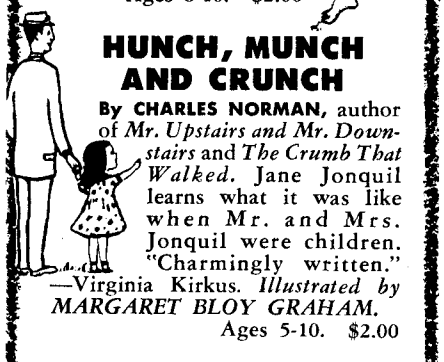

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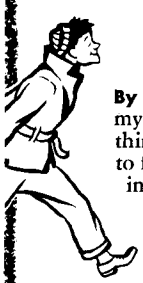

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planted on an unmapped island. The existence of the pearls is known to a crook who joins the party disguised as a missionary. Against this background plenty of things happen. The villain maroons the heroes on an island that supports only a few palm trees and no visible drop of fresh water. They have only one knife, no matches, not even a fishhook, yet they build a raft complete with sail, and put to sea. Adventure rides with them; they fight sharks, devil fish, hurricanes, and waterspouts until finally, with the raft reduced to two logs, they are left in the middle of the South Sea without food, water, or protection from the sun. But these indestructible kids are not licked and the last paragraph in the book promises a whole new batch of spine tinglers in a forthcoming volume.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

BLACK TIDE. By Carl D. Lane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 222 pp. $2.75.

Though most of the action takes place on or near shore, this is a pirate story of ships, dead men, and buried treasure. But they are modern pirates who use motor boats, tommy guns, and radar, and the treasure is oil deposits under the floor of the Gulf of Mexico. Len, Ted, and Am, three boys from Maine, are cruising off the coast of Texas in their sloop when they bump into two rival outfits that are drilling for oil in the ocean bottom. The gang is tough and abductions, gunfights, and murders take place at a rate that makes exciting enough reading for anyone.

It is a good story, not only in itself but for the great amount of information it gives about boats, navigation, and the technique of off-shore oil drilling. There are many excellent diagrams that will interest modern boys.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

CAPTIE OF THE MOUNTAIN. By Arthur D. Stapp. New York: William Morrow & Co. 187 pp. $2.50.

Johnny died in a mountain climbing accident because help was slow in reaching him. As a sort of memorial to him his pal Chris decided to show the public how such tragedies might be averted by the use of the smoke signals he had learned about from Al, his aviator friend. With two other boys he went into the Olympic National Park in northwestern Washington to stage a demonstration. But Al mistook their act for the real thing and landed his plane on a small mountain lake to help them. When he found he could not take off again things looked bad and grew rapidly worse until it became necessary to use another smoke signal in deadly earnest.

It is a carefully written story and contains a great deal of interesting information about mountain climbing as practised in the Western national parks.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

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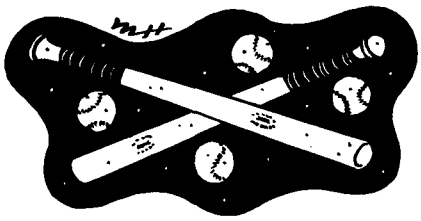

Sports

SOUTHPAW FLY HAWK. By Addison Rand. Decorations by W. B. Ricketts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 183 *pp.* $2.25.

This is an exceptionally good baseball story for younger boys. Eddie Hadley is eighteen and just out of High School when he is "called" as a pitcher for the Minneapolis Millers. He learns the secret of team play and becomes a really great out-fielder with the prospect of playing with the Giants in the Big League.

CLOWN AT SECOND BASE. By C. Paul Jackson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 250 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of Bucky Bushard's experiences as second baseman for the Detroit Tigers. It is a "Big League" story with an appealing hero who learns that a sense of humor is sometimes misplaced in professional baseball.

WRONG-WAY ROOKIE By Richard Wayne. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Co. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an amusing, original tale of a boy who would insist upon playing professional baseball in spite of the fact that he made every mistake known to the baseball handbook.

CRACK OF THE BAT: Stories of Baseball. Selected by Phyllis Fenner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

A collection of baseball stories selected from well-known writers like John R. Tunis, Stephen Meader, Jackson Scholtz, etc.

TY COBB: Baseball's Greatest Player. By Gene Schoor with Henry Gilfond. New York: Julian Messner. 181 *pp.* $2.75.

This is an excellent biography of a great American sportsman, and a history of baseball from the early years of the century to today. Ty Cobb retired in 1928, but his influence on sports is still strong.

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DELAYED STEAL. By Frank Waldman. Illustrated by Vincent Sullivan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 150 *pp.* $2.

This is a rousing story of Billy Tyler, the son of the manager of the Yankees, who came back from war service in Korea to find that his father was opposed to his playing professional baseball. Billy went through discouraging months of playing with semi-professional teams in Central America. Then he played in Florida with the Yankees and with the Detroit Tigers. The story ends with a thrilling, tense game in the race for the pennant which Billy and the Tigers won.

SCRUBS ON SKATES. By Scott Young. Drawings by James Ponter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 218 *pp.* $2.75.

The scene of this story of ice-hockey is Canada. Pete Gordon is transferred to a new high school where there is no hockey team. He immediately starts to get one together and he and his team mates prove that, even under difficulties, a good team can be developed. One of the outstanding characters in the story is a Polish boy, Bill Spunska.

Animals

BIG MUTT. By John Reese. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an unusual story of a mongrel dog who was born in New York and taken by a man and his wife on a long automobile trip through the West. During a raging blizzard, he was dropped from the car in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. Big Mutt was almost as large as a horse. He had the hunting instinct of his Great Dane and Alsatian ancestors. Left to himself in the Bad Lands this instinct dominated him and he lived by killing and eating sheep. Then into his story comes the man—Dwight Jerome, the son of a rancher, a boy who had an almost uncanny knowledge of animal psychology. The main plot of this fine story is the struggle in Big Mutt between his wild instinct and his devotion to Dwight. When an unusually stormy winter brought the fierce Canadian wolves to the ranches, it was Big Mutt who attacked and killed them. When he was accused of killing sheep, it was Dwight who proved that the wolves were responsible. In many ways, the story of Big Mutt can be compared to the

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great Scotch story, "Bob, Son of Battle." Without being in the least sentimental, it has both drama and pathos. Big Mutt is an exceptionally good dog character.

BOY, AN OZARK COON HOUND. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

An animal hero drawn by Colonel Meek is always interesting, whether it is a horse or a dog. In this story Ol' Dawg and his son, Boy, are appealing animal characters; but here it is the man hero who has the greatest appeal. Greg Oliphant came back from the war in the Pacific outwardly normal but inwardly wrecked. The very sound of an airplane sent him into convulsions of fear. Greg went deep into the Ozark hills and bought a deserted farm, hoping that in the hard work and isolation his tortured nerves would mend. It was old Uncle Fred McHarney and his hound, Ol' Dawg, that brought release to Greg. Uncle Fred's homely philosophy, his serene faith, and the companionship of Ol' Dawg and Boy brought back his self-confidence and self-respect. The coon hunts when Greg and Uncle Fred—and Ol' Dawg—trained the impulsive Boy are so vividly described that we see and hear and feel every detail, from Ol' Dawg's splendid, bell-like baying to the coon's eyes shining through the dark from a tree.

This is, in many ways, the best story that Colonel Meek has written—and he has written many good stories.

STRING LUG THE FOX. By David Stephen. Illustrated by Nina Scott Langley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 174 *pp.* $2.75.

This is a life story, laid in Scotland, of a dog fox—larger, stronger, more subtle than the English red fox. David Stephen is a naturalist. The story proves his keen observation and his knowledge of wild life. The story of String Lug brings in not only the birds and beasts, but the men of the Scottish Highlands. It is rich in atmosphere and, as the fox meets his friends and his enemies, dramatic in action. It is illustrated with a number of delicate drawings and has a very attractive cover jacket in color.

ESCAPE FROM THE ICECAP. By Bertrand Shurtleff. Jacket Drawing and Illustrations by Diana Thorne.

—By Barbara Cooney for "Too Many Pets."

Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

This story is a sequel tc "Two Against the North." It tells of the two huskies, Huskie and Spareribs, and their masters, veterans of the K-9 Corps in the Pacific during the Second World War, and their rescue of two American flyers brought down on an ice-floe near Wrangel Island. The plot includes a plan by Russian spys to obtain secret instruments developed by the United States Army. It is a

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modern, exciting tale that will probably appeal to grown-ups as well as to the older boys and girls.

TOO MANY PETS. By Mary M. Aldrich. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: The Macmillan Co. 66 *pp.* $2.

This is an amusing story for younger boys and girls, with funny, clever illustrations. Father Gay insisted that the Gay family had too many pets. Mother Gay and Ann and David liked animals and enjoyed taking care of them. In spite of Father Gay's weak protests—because he was really a soft-hearted man—a family of mice, an extra cat who became a "sitter" for the family's cat's eight kittens, two dogs, and a pair of guinea pigs were added to the Gay establishment. They all settled down and, apparently, "lived happily ever after."

SIMPLIFIED DOG BEHAVIOR FOR HOME, CAR AND STREET. By Fred Otté, Jr. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 189 *pp.* $2.

The author of this comprehensive guide to the care and training of dogs is the founder of a national correspondence course on dog-training. His own kennels are in Pensylvania. His book has a glossary, and covers all the phases of a dog's development.

Out-Of-Doors

THE FIRST BOOK OF SNAKES. By John Hoke. Pictures by Paul Wenck. New York: Franklin Watts. 69 *pp.* $1.75.

This is a very attractive book with excellent illustrations. It is a field guide to North American snakes and it gives a brief history of snakes in general. Mr. Hoke takes it for granted that snakes can be interesting and rewarding pets, but he is careful to warn us not to interfere with poisonous snakes—unless we are experts.

LET'S FISH. Written and Illustrated by Harry Zarchy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 160 *pp.* $3.

A guide to both fresh and salt-water fishing, this is for every fisherman of every age. It tells us about the necessary equipment, about the conditions found in various parts of the country, about the hazards and joys of fishing. It has a bibliography called "Fisherman's Bookshelf" and an index. The drawings show the

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—By Margaret Waring Buck, from "In Yards and Gardens."

proper way to hold a rod and the probable actions of the fish when he is on the line.

IN YARDS AND GARDENS. Written and Illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck. Nashvillle: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 72 *pp.* $3.

A companion volume to the successful "In Woods and Fields," this describes in text and drawings the trees and shrubs and flowers, the insects, snakes, and small animals that may be found in yards and gardens in North America.

FAMOUS NATURALISTS. By Lorus J. and Margery J. Milne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 178 *pp.* $2.50.

One of a series of biographies that are useful reference books for a school or public library, this tells a brief story of the life and work of famous naturalists, from the seventeenth century to today. It is fully indexed and is illustrated with photographs.

THE FLYING NATION: The Story of the Bees. By Dorothy E. Crowder. Illustrated by Helen Haywood. New York: Roy Publishers. 156 *pp.* $2.50.

This importation from England tells the story of a year in the life of the bees. It characterizes the bees individually, showing how they divide the work, how they are governed, how they plan for the four seasons of the year. The style in writing is a bit heavy and it has no humor. On the other hand, it gives an authentic picture of the year-round activities of a bee colony.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 16*)

vague that it is hard to know whom he is talking about. He writes rather as if the American Government were an ignorant continuum stretching from, say, the Pentagon on the left to Senator McCarthy and General MacArthur on the right. He makes almost no distinction between foreign policy as proposed by the administration and as disposed of by the Congress. Does he mean that men like Averell Harriman, Charles E. Bohlen, and George Kennan don't understand "the essence of Stalinist techniques"? Does he think the State Department regards the European Payments Union, the European Defense Community, the Benton Amendment, the land reform programs in Japan and Korea, the Point Four Programs as "ipso facto Communist"? Certainly they smack more than a little of change.

In view of our alleged exclusive commitment to military superiority, how does he explain the repeated fights that the Truman administration has been conducting for economic and technical assistance programs? The President's recent message on the Mutual Security Program came out too late for Mr. Lens's book; but nothing in his book would prepare the reader for that message—a message which says, in more moderate language, many of the things Mr. Lens shouts wildly at the top of his voice.

The fact is that the real bottleneck in our foreign policy has been the Congress of the United States. Mr. Lens's book is to the good if it helps build fires under the Congress. It is bad insofar as it contributes to the impression, so fashionable in certain liberal quarters, that the makers of American foreign policy are a gang of dunderheads, reactionaries, and militarists. Since Mr. Lens rarely bothers to discriminate, it is hard to tell what he thinks himself. It is great good fun, of course, to shoot the engineer; and very often engineers need shooting. But it is well to find out what they are about and where they are going before letting fly just *pour le sport*. One must respect the earnestness of intent which makes some of "The Counterfeit Revolution" so useful. On the subject of Communism, Mr. Lens is often sound and informative. I only wish he had taken as much trouble to find out what the American Government is really up to.

Our New War

BATTLE REPORT: THE WAR IN KOREA. By Captain Walter Karig, USNR, Commander Malcolm W. Cagle, USN, and Lieutenant Commander Frank A. Manson, USN. New York: Rinehart & Co. 520 pp. $6.

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

IN KOREA, the November battle along the Chongchon River was the real crisis of the 1950 campaign, for its result largely canceled what had happened before and its after-effects conditioned everything that has happened to the present moment.

Pertaining to that pivotal event, these quotes are lifted from Chapter 32 of "Battle Report": "At ten o'clock on the morning of November 27, after delaying for nearly three weeks, General Walton H. Walker's Eighth Army jumped off on its much-vaunted offensive. . . . The Chinese waited until advancing Eighth was within gun range and cut loose all along its perimeter. . . . Two days after the offensive began the II ROK Corps collapsed. . . . Within the short space of three days the Chinese were mounting a counter offensive of their own."

Now compared with that description, consider the established fact of what *really* happened. The Eighth Army offensive began at six o'clock on the morning of November 25. By nine, o'clock that night it had stalled under the counterweight of an already rigged and going enemy offensive. Within the first twenty-four hours II ROK Corps, in the center, was disintegrated. By ten o'clock on the morning of November 27 (which the authors cite as the starting hour) the Eighth Army was already defeated.

Though these are errors of considerable magnitude, they would not be worth mention if they were not representative of the careless handling and sloppy research which is reflected throughout this book.

One chapter is called: "The Pusan Perimeter Defined." Most of it is a description, not more vague than inaccurate, of the Communist soldier's method in war, how he moves, keeps supplied, achieves concealment, etc. There are also some notes on the fight at Pohang, which make it appear like an alley brawl between opposing Korean forces scrapping briefly for local ground instead of a prolonged and complex key portion of the maneuver by which the NK's tried unsuccessfully to squeeze toward Taegu from the northeast corner. When the chapter closes, the Pusan Perimeter remains undefined. In fact, this epic defense is hardly touched upon.

So what we have here in the main is neither good history nor intelligent fiction; it is romance with an official blessing.

During World War I, Philip Gibbs authored a best seller on war by collecting a vast miscellany of anecdotes and bits from the record, pasting them together, overlaying them with reference points roughly representative of the chronology of the war, and then titling the product, "Now It Can Be Told." In World War II, the Navy put this same technique on a mass production basis. It was largely the inspiration of the late Secretary Frank Knox, a news publisher with a weakness for columnists. A team of Navy officers went to the task of rounding up the war in the way that a staff of feature story writers might do it, with more attention to human interest and color than to the mainstream and accuracy of detail. There were five volumes. The stuff was brisk, occasionally informative, always entertaining. But when it was called, "Battle Report," and carried the notation that it was "Prepared from Official Sources," a well-meant effort rang hollow.

With some changes in the team, the Navy has simply extended the World War II project to a covering of Korea. This volume has about the same quality as the others. It is good reading for a light summer day. There are many stirring glimpses of brave men and good ships in action. No doubt it is good public-relations stuff for the Navy. But it is impossible to take it seriously as an information source on the Korean venture.

Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, member of the editorial staff of The Detroit News, *was European theatre historian for the U. S. Army in World War II.*

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(Continued on page 66)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

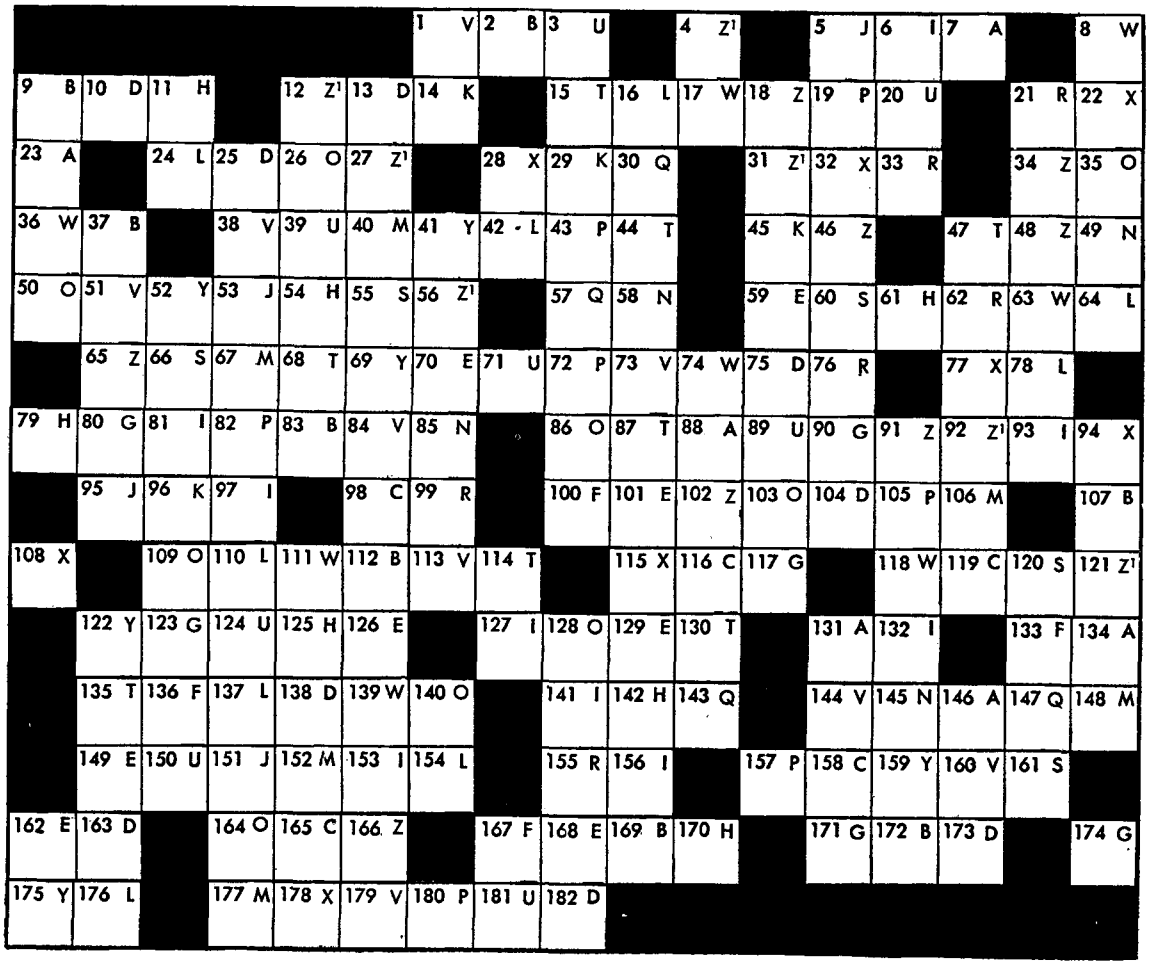
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Great English Greek translator at Oxford (1817-93).	146 134 131 23 7 88
B. Mood of the verb in Greek, etc., expressing a wish or desire.	172 169 37 2 107 83 112 9
C. Chief minister of Ahasuerus and a hater of the Jews (Bib.).	116 158 98 119 165
D. A long, closely fitting coat or cloak.	163 10 13 75 25 173 138 182 104
E. American poet (1869-1935; Pulitzer Prize, 1925 and 1927).	129 168 149 162 59 126 101 70
F. The inflorescence or seed of various plants, as the samara of the ash, etc.	100 167 136 133
G. A powerful evil jinni, demon, or monstrous giant (Arabic myth.).	123 171 90 117 80 174
H. Third symphony by Robert Schumann.	61 125 170 11 54 79 142
I. A soft china made in England, latter half of 18th century.	81 6 127 132 97 141 153 156 93
J. A kind of fancy dive.	53 95 151 5
K. A resort in Scotland near Dunstaffnage Castle (Scott's "Lord of the Isles").	14 45 96 29
L. A magazine in New York City whose famous founder and editor died in 1951 (Preceded by "The").	154 24 64 78 16 110 42 176 137
M. Cunning.	152 148 40 177 67 106

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Deadly pale.	145 49 85 58
O. Unfeeling.	86 103 50 35 140 26 164 109 128
P. Having a distinctly waved margin (hort.).	105 180 157 82 72 43 19
Q. Naomi's son and father of Jesse (Bib.).	147 57 143 30
R. City on the Seine, France.	21 62 155 99 33 76
S. Beach in Normandy where American forces landed, June, 1944.	55 120 60 161 66
T. Made less.	47 15 68 87 44 114 130 135
U. Brought to a standstill or state of inactivity (med.).	71 39 181 150 20 124 89 3
V. Comes across (2 wds.).	144 113 51 160 84 38 73 179 1
W. An associate in office.	111 74 118 139 8 36 63 17
X. Feast of Weeks or Pentecost (Jewish holidays).	94 32 28 77 178 108 115 22
Y. Polish pianist and composer in France (1810-49).	41 175 69 122 159 52
Z. Clumsy; ponderous.	102 65 34 48 91 18 166 46
Z'. City in Prussia, given to Poland in the Potsdam Conference, 1945.	92 27 121 31 12 4 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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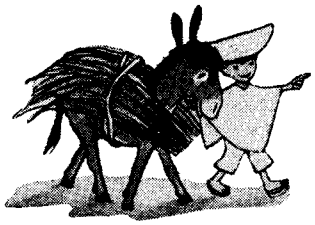

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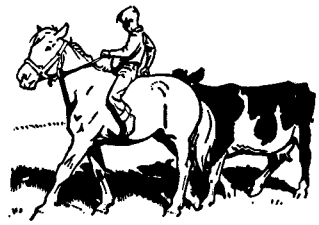

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